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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE PORTO ROSE CONFERENCE

ONE of the most hopeful signs of a return toward normal conditions in Europe was the recent get-together meeting of the succession states of Austria-Hungary at Porto Rose on the Adriatic. Representatives of Italy, Great Britain, France, and the United States also attended the Conference; indeed, the Americans were regarded as the fathers of the project. The general aim of the meeting was to facilitate economic reconstruction in the Danube valley by abolishing the present vexatious restrictions on trade and substituting approximate freedom of commerce.

Although the Conference assembled immediately after the *Karl Putsch* in Hungary, when the Little Entente was mobilizing its forces against the latter country, these economic negotiations were uninterrupted.

Among the important results of the Conference is an agreement to abolish all import and export licenses operating between succession states on or before the first of next July, and not to impose fresh provisions of that sort: and to conclude what are called 'compensation treaties,' to provide for a certain barter of materials between different governments.

An understanding was also reached which it is hoped will expedite the passage of trains and of goods from one country to another. So many controversies relating to the ownership of the rolling stock of the former monarchy have arisen between the states which have become heirs to its railways, and so much 'car stealing,' has occurred as a consequence, that the average mileage moved by a freight car in twenty-four hours at the present time is said to be only one seventh of the mileage before the war. This evil it is proposed to remedy by what is described as a rolling-stock pool. Debits and credits between the succession states arising out of the transactions of their post offices, telegraphs, telephones, and railways are to be reckoned on the basis of a gold dollar. So successful was the meeting that it is proposed to hold a similar conference next year.

The so-called Vanderlip proposal for a gold bank to operate through the territories of the former monarchy was unofficially laid before the delegates, and is understood to have received considerable support. In a general way the scheme follows the plan of our Federal Reserve Bank. It is suggested that the specie reserve for such an institution — to serve as a basis for its gold notes — might be provided largely or entirely by the United States.

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This is the third plan which has come up within a year for alleviating the monetary illness of the Danube countries. Both the League of Nations and a group of British capitalists have made previous proposals to this end. Two obstacles are generally recognized to stand in the way of the success of Vanderlip plan. The first is the difficulty of getting the hostile and mutually suspicious governments of the Danube valley and Poland to coöperate even in a purely financial and economic enterprise. The second objection, which appears in the *Oesterreichische Volkswirt*, is that the notes issued by the new bank, which would be practically equivalent to gold, would speedily disappear from circulation under the operation of Gresham's Law. It is argued that the present depreciated currency would remain in circulation while the good money issued by the bank would be hoarded, just as dollars and pounds sterling are being hoarded among the Central Powers to-day. Advocates of the plan argue that the new currency will displace the old, because merchants and others would insist upon receiving it for their goods in preference to money of uncertain and vanishing value.

Pester Lloyd prints an interview with one of the returning Rumanian delegates who, in referring to the Vanderlip proposal, said: 'Whether in this form or in some other, I am sure that we shall owe our ultimate salvation to the practical idealism of the Americans — acting in conformity with their own deepest interest. I am most optimistic in view of what has been accomplished at Porto Rose. It has been a success beyond the expectations of anyone.'

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BRIAND AT WASHINGTON

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Outlook* charges Mr. Hughes with the responsibility for Briand's militaristic speech at Washington. Observing that the foreign policy of France 'is a hunt for the shadow of glory' rather than for material advantage, and that its people are more sensitive to a slight than to an injury, he says: —

If in his speech Mr. Hughes had troubled to mention France's fleet and regulate it in the same breath that he did those of England and Japan, M. Briand would never have mentioned submarines. France is not in the least interested in submarines. To my knowledge, since the war no popular paper has ever mentioned them. There is no project before the Chamber touching on the matter. There is no money to build them, even if France wanted them. But, by being tacitly placed in the rank of 'nations with special interests' who do not matter, Briand had to react. His country insists on being counted with the great, and so an ingenious admiral bethought him of England's bugbear. It is a question of prestige.

As to land armaments, the affair is simple. France is not going to disarm until she decides to do it herself. This year's budget is going to force her into that direction. Back of this is, again, the prestige factor. Three quarters of the comment of the *Matin* on the Washington Conference deals jealously with details about the order of precedence and such questions as whether France ought to sit on the right or left hand of the President of the United States. The reparations may go; Frenchmen will become slowly reconciled to that. They may have to surrender all their oil fields to a realist Britain. But the 'Glory' of the victory, *le prestige du vainqueur* — that is never to be surrendered, and woe betide the *Président du Conseil* that lets it slip!

This speech elicited indignant criticism in Great Britain, protesting comment in Italy, and — quite naturally — no warm welcome in Germany. *Frankfurter Zeitung* says: —

France demands two things: security and German money. The security of France is guaranteed by the peaceable intentions of the majority of the German people. Germany has been historically a peaceable na-

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tion. Anyone who reads the history of Europe impartially and observes that most of the great battlefields of Europe lie on German soil, knows that Germany has usually been the attacked party in the conflicts which have deluged our continent with blood. And the Germany of to-day which, like its neighbor, was deluded into war under the leadership of incompetent statesmen, and forced to fight four years for its existence amidst terrible suffering, hates war like the fires of hell, and hates all that is associated with war. Germany has been called the land of Prussian militarists. There have been Prussian militarists in every country. To-day, at least, they are more common in other lands than in our own. . . . That militarism does not exist in Germany to-day. All foreign visitors who study us with open eyes testify to that. To be sure the old spirit is not dead. It still lives, and receives new nourishment constantly because it is still mighty in the lands of our enemies. Ludendorff and his like subsided and crept into the corner so long as the German people, after the Armistice, still had faith in the spirit of reconciliation. . . . There are in Europe eighty million Germans, and less than forty million French. The smaller nation cannot possibly keep the larger in servitude indefinitely. It cannot accomplish this no matter how industriously it tries to forge a ring around its great opponent. Time will break our chains. Consequently France fears Germany. But the French need not fear us if they are willing to be reconciled with us. A majority of the German people want to live in amity. . . .

France wants German gold. A majority of the German people are willing to pay all that Germany can pay. They are ready to make every sacrifice. However, a man who makes a sacrifice must have a hope. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations. France has robbed us Germans of hope. The idealism which surged through us after the Armistice and made us eager to repair wrong and recognize that our defeat and our share in the guilt of the war obligated us to repair the injuries which we had done to Belgium and France, has been extinguished by the Versailles Treaty. Consequently Germany's default in its deliveries of coal and other obligations, and the ultimatum of France and London followed. Then a new Cabinet was set up in Germany, which has been preaching a new idealism — Germany's liberation to labor. . . . But this hope is being wrecked. Upper Silesia was wrenched from us in a way that did violence to our sense of justice. Upon the Rhine measures of force were employed and continue to be employed, although we have begun to fulfill our obligations. Consequently the Wirth Cabinet has been discredited and prevented by its own struggles for survival from levying the full toll of taxes necessary to preserve our treasury from bankruptcy.

The French view of Germany's ability to pay is presented in the report of the National Chambers of Commerce of France and Algiers at their recent Paris meeting. This report recites that the cost of production in Germany is but half what it is in France, and German manufacturers are more than regaining their former supremacy in the world's markets; that the German Government has deliberately incurred debts to the extent of fifteen billions of marks a year for the benefit of private interests; that taxes in that country do not balance the budget; that Germany's debt, including its recent deficits, is less than that of France, although her population and resources are larger. This organization protested strongly against increased French taxation. Indeed this was the attitude of the French Chamber of Deputies, which concluded its recent debate on the financial situation with the following order of the day: —

'The Chamber, having heard the explanations of the Minister of Finance, calls upon the Government to supervise carefully the strict performance by Germany of her obligations, and to adopt abroad all measures necessary for preserving the security for payment of her debts to France; not to oppose any fresh taxes until those already existing shall have yielded their full

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return; to avoid all increase of the note circulation; to restrict public expenditure, and to provide for indispensable retrenchment; to reduce gradually the number of civil servants to that of 1914; to take all necessary steps for the economic development of France and her colonies, and to get rid of the state monopolies as far as the interests of the country permit.'

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RUSSIA STRUGGLING BACK TO NORMAL

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from Moscow under the date of October 26, says: —

One lives here as a foreigner, not as a prisoner. If the railways were in good condition and trains were frequent enough, and there were hotels in the country towns, one could travel about as freely as ever. There are good express trains on only two lines; from Moscow to Petrograd and from Moscow to Riga, and one must have a special permit to travel on them. When that is obtained one has comfortable accommodations in a sleeping-car. The only hotels licensed by the Government are the former Hôtel d'Angleterre in Petrograd, and the Savoy and one other building in Moscow. Hotel charges in gold are about the same as those given in the pre-war Baedekers. Of course when reckoned in paper money they are vastly higher.

Conditions are much better than two months ago. At that time there were no shops or restaurants, and one had to get along so far as possible upon the frugal official rations. Of course there was a smuggling trade, but that was a precarious and even perilous source of supply. Since free commerce has been restored we have less trouble. Of course one must still content himself with a modest scale of living. . . . The new shops open slowly and are very poorly supplied with goods. But one can buy all that is really necessary. The markets are amply supplied. The bakeries are well provided with all the rolls and cakes for which Moscow was so famous before the war. There are restaurants where one can get a meal of three or four courses for 120 thousand to 150 thousand paper rubles. One of these establishments is called the Café Anglais. . . . Some electric cars are running; the minimum fare is two thousand rubles. . . . One feels that the city's pulse is beating more strongly than hitherto.

A letter from Petrograd summarized in the London *Times* reports that since the resumption of free trading in Russia an extraordinary demand for paper money has arisen in the villages. All the peasants want money and not goods in barter, so that they can spend what they receive for their crops as they think fit. Remarkably enough, even the redundant currency of Russia is growing scarce. Several of the old Russian journals and reviews are being revived, and books on technical subjects and agriculture are being printed, in spite of the fact that it costs three times as much to set them up as the author receives for writing them.

The lower classes have risen. Barbers are in great demand. Peasant girls powder their faces and manicure themselves. On Sunday in the villages the women and girls parade about in silks and satins and white stockings and white shoes. . . . Apparently the worst is over.

Still further light is thrown upon the present situation in the larger cities by an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, by Paul Scheffer, a veteran German journalist, who has just gone to Russia in the interest of that paper. After remarking that in Petrograd a man walks about 'as in a museum' he observes that Moscow, although in a condition of deplorable neglect, shows unmistakable signs of revival.

During the past two months shops have begun to open. As yet they are concentrated in the old business section. Rarely have former firms resumed in their old quarters, although their personnel is often the same as before the Revolution. Since all buildings are now public property the

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proprietors must pay rent. They must also pay heavy taxes and levies. Nevertheless, the establishments are prospering, especially shops selling provisions, which are the most numerous and the best supplied. You never find them empty. Other shops are only a parody of what we associate with that name. Their wares are obviously the leavings of old pre-Revolutionary stocks, dusty shelf-worn articles which in some way have survived the intervening chaos.

Still another correspondent, writing to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, describes his experiences while accompanying a delivery of new German locomotives recently shipped to Russia. They were tested over the road between Petrograd and Moscow. Nine locomotives were in the consignment, and nine others on the way. The test consisted in drawing a train nearly three fifths of a mile long, consisting of sleeping- and freight-cars with a dynameter car attached, over a grade. No difficulty was found in unloading the locomotives at Petrograd, which were lifted, fully assembled, from the ship to the wharf by a powerful crane. The roadbed over the portion of the road where the test was made must have been in good condition, for the speed, at places, was over a hundred kilometres — or about sixty miles — an hour. A consignment of Swedish locomotives was tested at the same time as were those from Germany.

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THE GENEVA LABOR CONFERENCE

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE concluded its sessions which had lasted about a month on November 19. The London *Daily Telegraph*, whose owner, Viscount Burnham, presided most excellently over the Conference, thus comments upon the spirit which pervaded it: —

In courtesy, accommodation, respect for the great variety of opinions represented, the Conference affords an example which could be emulated with advantage by not a few national Parliaments. Comparisons are notoriously objectionable, but to one who has been present throughout the whole of the proceedings of both the Labor Conference and the Assembly of the League of Nations the impression was deeply made that the Conference was a more international and a much more homogeneous body than the Assembly. It was more flexible in its procedure, and, perhaps in consequence of the large proportion of manual workers included in its composition, a more practical body. It would seem as if the men accustomed to handling material things and familiar with adapting means to an end are gifted with the ability to apply this faculty of adaptability to the abstract ideas of the intellectual sphere. To whatever cause it may be attributed, it is beyond question that the Labor Conference manifested high capability in the tasks it undertook.

It was observable, at least during the early sessions of this Congress, that many delegates from other nations were clearly hostile to France. This was due partly to the fact that the French representatives tried to limit the powers and functions of that body. With this in mind, the following comment from *Figaro* is quite understandable: —

The mentality which most of the delegates, particularly those representing labor, brought to the Congress is symptomatic. A majority of them conceived it the first duty of a delegate to an international labor conference to forget his nationality and to sacrifice the aspirations and interests of his country to the aspirations and interests of humanity at large. They forgot that the human race is in reality composed of very different nations, having different needs, different social ideas, different economic structures. Their effort to measure all men by the same yardstick without taking into account diversity of race, ethnic conditions, geography, civilization, religion, and morals, is, when we come to think of it, one of the strangest phenomena of the age.

Another fact, no less symptomatic, was the resolute assertion of the Conference

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that it was authorized to pass judgment and to decide questions relating to labor without regard to the governments there represented and, in fact, to supersede the jurisdiction of those governments.

Avanti, the official organ of the Italian Socialists, publishes an interview with one of the returning delegates who says that the Conference 'could not do otherwise than reflect the world-wide reaction now in progress. Labor has been on the defensive instead of the offensive. . . . We cannot expect much from such a conference with its numerous government representatives dominated by the representatives of employers.' He concludes: —

The Proletariat is fooling itself if it expects much from international legislation. But it would be a mistake to underestimate the educational benefit which backward countries derive from contact and conference with the representatives of countries which are more progressive in respect to labor welfare laws. Also a great mass of data is being accumulated regarding labor conditions in all parts of the world, which will constitute a valuable basis for future international action.

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FRANCO-ITALIAN FRICTION

Le Journal des Débats prints a leader apropos of the recent anti-French riots in Italy in which it says: —

It is both dangerous and vain to extenuate the importance of the Italian demonstrations against France. They are not sporadic, as some of our countrymen are fain to suggest. They are symptomatic of a general state of sentiment. . . . When an ambassador like M. Barrère and a marshal of France are insulted at Venice in the course of an official ceremony, when a French mission charged with a duty of courtesy in commemorating Italian victories is the subject of hostile demonstrations during its entire trip, when the French consulate of Turin is sacked, when the French flag is burned at Naples, when both Houses of the Italian Parliament listened with chilly silence to the correction of a misleading telegram printed by their country's press, this can only be due to the fact that the virus of hatred for France has been communicated to the whole people.

Some of the demonstrations mentioned occurred several weeks ago, before the receipt of the recent dispatch from Washington, in which M. Briand was represented as declaring that the Italian army was in a state of moral disintegration. Commenting upon this, the London *Outlook* says: —

The question is, did Briand use some such expression as is alleged, casually, in conversation with journalists after the Committee meeting, and suggest that he had used it to Signor Schanzer? M. Briand, unfortunately, revels in jokes, caustic and witty, but also indiscreet, and he loves to give the French press and public the impression that he has scored in Council.

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MARK SPECULATORS PAYING GERMANY'S DEBTS

The London *Outlook* prints the following interesting comment upon the decline of the German mark: —

The whole note circulation of the German Reich, calculated on a basis of 1200 to the pound, represents less than £80,000,000. Measured in actual exchange value at the moment, the German note issue is *one fifth* that of Great Britain! Still more astonishing, the gold reserve of the Reichsbank amounts to nearly £60,000,000, so that the total circulation of notes in Germany at the present exchange rates is covered by gold to the extent of fifteen shillings in the pound! Mr. Keynes contends, with sardonic humor, that foreign speculators have paid much more than the whole of the German indemnity to date by their kindness in buying marks. Early this year it was estimated that 50 milliard marks were held abroad, bought at an average price of perhaps 200 marks to the pound. Accordingly the holders of this pile of paper paid for it roughly £250,000,000, and at 1200 to the pound the 50 milliards are now worth £40,000,000.

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REFLECTIONS ON LASTING PEACE

BY TAKASHI HARA, LATE PREMIER OF JAPAN

[*About two months before his assassination, the Premier of Japan published the following article in the* Tokyo Diplomatic Review (*September* 15, 1921) *describing his attitude and that of liberal Japan toward the problems facing the Washington Conference.*]

It is a sign of great promise that in recent years the desire for peace has manifested itself all over the world, and that it has received concrete expression in many peace movements, in governmental provisions, and in international conferences, all inspired by a sincere hope to promote the happiness of humanity. There are people who regard this great tendency as a mere fad, or at best a momentary reaction against the appalling ruin of the Great War. Such, however, is not my interpretation of the phenomenon. It is my belief that mankind is the manifestation of God, and that accordingly the true nature of man is love and peace. The selfish motives of some races, who try to promote their own interests at an unfair cost to the interests of others, cause strife and war between peoples. But such a state is clearly an abnormal and transitional one, which owes its existence to the devilish element yet lurking in man's instincts. Man's true nature being peaceful, it is only natural that he should seek permanent happiness in a world of harmony, by attempting to drive out the evil element in himself. In the present universal zeal and effort for peace, therefore, I see man's true instincts at work grimly determined forever to dispose of war and to establish permanent harmony among mankind.

We must not, however, fall into the fallacy of confounding the ideal and the real, and fancy present world conditions promise perfect future peace. Even as the roots of plucked weeds sprout again in the spring and prevent the growth of flowers, at any moment the satanic element of human nature — which was recently mercilessly defeated by the peace-loving nature of man — may raise its head anew and lead the world again into ruin and chaos. It is with the consciousness of this human frailty that the scheme of the League of Nations has been launched to avert possible future wars, and that the enlightened part of the world continues to ponder upon the best way to bring about genuine and lasting peace. Who can assure us, therefore, that the ascendancy of man's peaceful nature, which has just begun through enormous sacrifices, may not again collapse if nations continue to embrace their former ego-centric world view?

Reflection reveals the fact that the cause of past wars has always been some inequality of the conditions of living among different peoples. Before the Great War, the Powers of Europe seriously endeavored to adjust this inequality. All attempts, nevertheless, were doomed to failure on account of the clouded world ideals of the nations concerned and of their failure to perceive the significance of lasting peace. No matter how many international treaties we may make, no matter how powerful and flourishing the peace movements among the masses may be, no peace will come so long as nations do not seek purer ends and remove the material inequalities under which some

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of them labor. For the assumption that the races of the globe must submit contentedly to glaring inequality, merely because fortune has caused them to dwell in different environments and to have different histories, can no longer be maintained when the world has become a unit, and all nations have been made close neighbors by the progress of science. To enforce the old idea would be to uphold the blackest despotism. So long as such injustice remains unchallenged, the peoples who are trying to escape their fetters will defy any agreement, or treaty, or other artificial scheme to hold them in subjugation, and will sooner or later provoke a bloody conflict. Sincere promoters of peace must therefore first of all open their eyes to this fundamental cause of war.

The first step toward world welfare, I repeat, is our common enlightenment as to the true conditions underlying peace. I do not see how real harmony can be established among mankind so long as races and peoples hold aloof from and look down on each other, thereby creating barriers of prejudice, hatred, injustice, and insult. Whether mankind originally sprang from one place or from many places on earth is a problem for science to decide, and I do not intend to dogmatize about it. But I can see no reason why any man should be discriminated against in his right to seek happiness by a change of his abode. I believe that it is the will of the Creator that his children should make the entire earth their common home, share all their joys and adversities together, and strive in perfect unison for boundless prosperity and happiness. It is clearly against the will of God that his beloved children should divide themselves into groups and attempt to perpetuate among themselves the inequalities which have arisen from mere accidents of history; as if these inequalities were the final fiat of nature. If nations persist in this error wars necessarily will continue to occur.

There are at least three conditions requisite for the establishment of genuine peace. The first is to make all nations clearly realize that they have no right to force another people to commit national or racial suicide. The second condition is to make them recognize the fundamental truth that nations and races do not differ in their desire to live and develop. The third is to assure all peoples a just distribution of the world's resources and the necessities of life. An unrestrained exercise of the possessive impulse gives rise to injustice among peoples, and the exclusive pursuit of self-interest menaces the survival of civilization. Remembering this, each nation should cultivate a sense of international justice, and endeavor, by removing all obstacles, to create harmony in the world — harmony based upon mutual understanding and sympathy. The golden age of humanity will truly be realized only when the more powerful nations of the globe give up their traditional notion of their own superiority and agree to respect the common welfare and happiness of mankind. They must also observe the principle that all races and peoples are equal before justice, that they must be free to develop as best they can, and that there shall be no menace to the sacred right of existence.

To be sure, inherent differences exist among races which we cannot ignore. For example, they differ in physical appearance, customs, language, religion, and culture. But these differences need not necessarily render it impossible for races to coöperate harmoniously for the augmentation of human happiness. Rather, it is injustice, prejudice, and discrimination,

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based on the pretext of racial differences, which breed the troubles of the world. If the principle that no nation has a right to compel another nation to commit suicide holds good, it follows that it is the great duty of every government to-day to open wide its economic doors, and to extend to all peoples free access to what is vital to existence, and thus to save the more unfortunate from unnatural misery and discrimination. The two great tasks which to-day challenge the best efforts of thinking men are, to establish true democracy at home by an equitable solution of the problem of capital and labor, and to establish true democracy among nations by ensuring equal opportunity to every race and people, whether small or great. The 'open door' and the abolition of world barriers must be our policy, as it is the first principle of a lasting peace.

Now turning to our own country, we know that it has often been falsely charged with militarism. I have tried to show elsewhere that misunderstandings of this sort on the part of foreigners might be characterized as barking at their own shadows. They ignore the three thousand years' history of the Japanese people. To be sure the history of the Meiji era was one of remarkable progress for Japan. But, to the minds of the Japanese, the whole struggle was nothing but a series of unconscious reactions against new stimuli. When Japan awoke from its long lethargy of seclusion, the sun was already high in the sky. The powerful nations had already divided up the greater portion of the earth's surface among themselves, and they were extending their outstretched hands to the Far East. Had Japan remained passive and allowed the aggressors to do as they pleased, I doubt very much if Japan would exist to-day. It was in reaction against this national danger that the Japanese people consciously or unconsciously stood up and fought for their country. It was through this simple desire to defend their own country that they endured numerous hardships, and finally attained a position of importance in the Orient, which enables them to contribute much toward the peace of the world.

Japan was finally compelled to take up arms against China and Russia, both of which at those times menaced her existence. The important contribution of Japan in the Great War was adequately acknowledged recently by the British Prime Minister, and has been recognized by all the peoples of the earth. Now that our country is counted as one of five great nations, we cannot help but feel proud. But our people must not forget, in the intoxication of glory and fame, that 'a joyous evening often leads to a sorrowful morning.' I doubt not that our civilization, our sense of justice, and our industry, entitle us to a place in the leadership of the world for the maintenance of peace, and the enlightenment of humanity. But to conceive that our country has already achieved a position of eminence and glory, and to boast about it, is a great mistake.

To speak frankly, we must admit that as a nation we yet have much to learn from senior nations like England, America, and others. Called equally great powers, we cannot deny that there is much difference in power and strength among us. Looking likewise upon the world as a whole, we are strongly reminded of the fact that there is a wide variation in vitality and strength among nations, and that the world is as yet groping in the darkness of inequality and injustice. So long as this state of affairs continues, a genuine and permanent peace is hopeless. But this very situation challenges

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our sincere efforts to strive more than ever for peace. For the existence of inequality and injustice foments, even when we are not aware of it, rivalry and strife.

We Japanese in particular are suffering from the increasing difficulty of living, attributable to our ever waxing population and our ever waning resources. Were any people to reach a point where their entire energy was inevitably devoted to earning a bare subsistence, and no energy was left them for attaining higher spiritual and cultural ideals, that people would indeed be facing a mighty dark future. We tremble to think that our people are often threatened with uncertainty as to even the necessaries of life. This condition ought to be remedied and greater economic freedom be given the Japanese, if the world expects her to be the keystone to the arc of peace of the Far East, and a faithful supporter of the welfare of the world. Thus, even a single example shows beyond a doubt the absolute dependence of lasting peace upon the 'open door.' By 'open door' I do not mean a complete throwing down of national boundary stones. What I have in mind is the removal of the economic insecurity of some peoples by extending to them the opportunity for free access to the world's resources, eliminating other artificial economic barriers, and adjusting as much as possible the inequality arising from the earlier discriminations of nature and of history. In short, we must assure all industrious peoples of the world the right to thrive. For the realization of this happy end, Japan feels that she owes it to herself, and to others who are in a similar position with her, to champion the cause of universal mutual aid and fairness.

What I have so far dwelt upon is a simple truth, that if universal peace is to be realized, one race or people must cease to menace the existence of another; that the right of all to live and progress must be guaranteed by establishing international equality of economic opportunity and by subordinating narrow egoism to the general welfare of humanity. To this end it is important that the ideals of nations be purified and their sense of justice intensified. This is the conviction of the Japanese people as I interpret it.

I will not undertake, at this time, to enter into a detailed discussion of some of the principal diplomatic problems confronting Japan. Needless to say, our foreign policies have always been open-minded and straightforward. Accordingly, the fundamental principles on which they are based, the general forms they assume, are already well known among the peoples of the world. More precisely the first principle of Japan's foreign policies is to preserve and promote genuine friendship with the people of the United States. Especially in the fulfillment of Japan's mission in the Far East are we convinced of the importance of perfect understanding and coöperation with America. Clearly, the position of the United States as the leader of world peace and welfare is a peerless one. Without the hearty assistance of the people of the United States, no country can effectively undertake to promote the welfare and happiness of the world. No less precious to us are our relations with Great Britain. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has stood the test of twenty stormy years, and contributed much to the peace of the world. The Alliance is still in existence, and I doubt not that the cordial relationship between the British Empire and Japan will forever be preserved. It is my firm conviction that a sincere coöperation with America on one hand, and genuine friendship with the British Empire on the other, are essential

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for the preservation of peace and harmony.

China is our best and closest neighbor, and its welfare directly affects the welfare of our country. Unfortunately, China has not as yet completed the colossal task of establishing national unity and solidarity, and general unrest still prevails. But this is China's own domestic affair, and one which no external power can justly and profitably meddle with. Many weary and dreadful years of fear and instability are unavoidable as the sequence of great revolutions and as the price of progress. Already we can perceive bright rays of hope shining across to us from China, whose people are coming to realize the magnitude of the job ahead and to develop a great patriotic impulse. There is no other nation in the world that understands the Chinese people so well, and whose life and death depend so directly on the destiny of China, as Japan. Japan, therefore, sincerely hopes to help China to help herself and, if need be, to give her economic and other assistance to the end that she shall come to share with us in the joy of peace and prosperity.

Not long ago, when the plan for a consortium was proposed, Japan gladly lent a hand to the project. This is a concrete expression of Japan's sincere desire to establish the 'open door' and equality of opportunity in China. Japan would not have taken this step had she lacked a spirit of fairness and good-will to all. And this is but a step toward a great goal. Japan hopes to bring all matters relative to China into the light at the Washington Conference, and to assume the responsibility of safeguarding peace in Eastern Asia. The present international position of China is one of indignity and humiliation, such as that from which Japan emerged only a short while ago. Very naturally, enlightened Chinese desire to obtain fairer treatment for their country. Japan for one is quite ready to go far in helping her four hundred million neighbors in that purpose.

Siberia is a contiguous region of Japan, and as such it has a direct bearing on the life of the Japanese. Naturally, therefore, we wish to see it prosperous and peaceful. Aside from the earnest desire to restore peace and order, preserve lives, wealth, means of communication, transportation, and industry in Siberia, so that the normal commerce with that country be promptly restored, Japan has no ambition in that part of the world. This has been the guiding principle of our Siberian policy ever since we agreed to follow America's lead and aid the Czechoslovaks to reach their homes. I believe, accordingly, that no misunderstanding will occur as to this particular point.

What I have stated so far is a brief outline of the general principles of Japan's foreign policy. In carrying these principles into practice Japan has no idea of resorting to plots or diplomatic intrigues. Standing squarely on international justice, upholding earnestly the spirit of mutual aid and coöperation, and insisting only on our national honor and right to live, we mean to throw our entire weight in the scale for the uplift of civilization, the promotion of human welfare, and the preservation of universal peace. As a practical step to this end, we are prepared to attend the Washington Conference which the United States has most wisely proposed. We expect at that Conference to bring up for discussion such vital questions as the 'open door' of the world, the removal of barriers, the security of human existence. We shall exert our best efforts to obtain a harmonious agreement on these great issues, upon the satisfactory solution of which depends the peace of the world.

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MY OPINION OF MYSELF

BY ANATOLE FRANCE

[We publish below the witty speech which Anatole France delivered at the inauguration of a statue to himself in Paris last September.]

From *La Herse, September* 25
(PARIS THEATRICAL LITERARY AND MUSICAL MONTHLY)

ARE we acting wisely in encroaching to-day upon the prerogatives of posterity? It is not for me to judge, for the wisdom of an action does not depend on men, but on circumstances. Let us only say, to soothe the critics, that not being assured of the favor of posterity, we have deemed it prudent to immortalize our own admiration. And so, this gesture of conceit becomes an evidence of humility.

You have thought that to give Anatole France the just homage due to him, there was no one among our contemporaries except Anatole France himself. You could not have imagined a more adroit artifice to hear sincere words about this man. Sincerity is, in fact, a natural state of our mind, and we would yield much oftener to this inclination, if our moralists had not made a virtue of it. Civil laws and religious laws have willed it that the lie be a social necessity; but this lie weighs on us when — as is my case to-day — we find ourselves in front of ourselves. The priests, who are subtle folk, know that confession is not an affliction but a pleasure. And this is why, on the brink of immortality, I am going to bare my soul, like the *Abbesse de Jouarre* of my good master Renan, who, at the gates of death was able to cast off her modesty.

The pedestal of this statue bears the inscription, TO THE PHILOSOPHER ANATOLE FRANCE. I thank you for this title. I shall not dare say that it is undeserved, since the late Victor Cousin — whose work has followed him to the tomb — dared, of old, apply it to himself. But I am, let us admit, a philosopher who knew how to content himself with the good things of this world. The barrel of Diogenes would have seemed to me not only an inhospitable abode, but also one hardly propitious to the subtle weaving of ideas. I did not, like this Cynic, have the indecency to despise honors; my rank in the Legion of Honor, and my place in the Learned Company will bring it about, that the day when one of the two thousand gods in whom I believe shall be pleased to call me to himself, there will resound over my coffin a tender speech of academic regrets and the martial noise of soldiers with pompous and useless iron. This martial noise, however, will not displease my bellicose nature. These words should not make you smile, gentlemen. The psychologists, who, like my honorable colleague Mr. Paul Bourget, have pushed the study of the human heart to its extreme limits, have announced this latest truth, that the face is the mirror of our personality. Now, the disposition of Mars shows itself as clearly in the goatee which adorns my chin as it does in the Gallic moustache of Mr. Georges Clemenceau.

It is fitting that we make no mistake about the symbol of this occasion. This epithet of philosopher proves that

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you have wished to honor, less the good artisan of letters than the thinker who has answered your desires. For — let us not fool ourselves about the magnanimity of our sentiments! — we raise statues only to our own enthusiasms. It is not the men, but the ideas, that we wish to perpetuate in marble or in bronze. This is why warriors, especially, have known this glorious consecration. It is the writers who have made the splendor of the century of Louis XIV, and yet you see nothing in the Versailles of the King but the statues of the great captains. If, instead of being clothed with the imperial purple, Marcus Aurelius had been a vegetable vender who reflected on the vanity of the world while his donkey was slowly pacing, he would certainly have been just as sublime, in our judgment; but Rome would not have placed him, as it did, at the top of the steps of the Capitol. It is the fits of anti-religious fever which have made so many Voltaires spring up in the public gardens of Paris. The sculptors, to tell the truth, are not displeased with this tendency; for in sculpture, as in politics, it is easier to strike attitudes martial or proudly majestic, than to express an ideology. Shall I recall, once more, Gentlemen, the ashes of Émile Zola carried to the Pantheon, not as a testimony of supreme gratitude to the author of so many admirable works, but in expression of the grateful homage of ambitious politicians to the pamphleteer (justly inspired, for that matter) who had allowed them to blossom out? And in order that there be no doubt on this point, and that it be well established that the ceremony was not held for the exaltation of the writer, care was taken not to appeal to intellectual competency: the Minister of Public Instruction was asked to make the speech for the occasion. When I feel that a like fate might have befallen this monument, my gratitude to you is redoubled that you have entrusted to me the care of my own panegyric. I have thus the certainty that while this panegyric may offend my modesty, it will not, at least, outrage our beautiful French language.

Yes, Gentlemen, in making allusion to this art of assembling harmonious syllables which I possess so fully, I am forced to offend my modesty. For I deem that I too, as well as the illustrious citizen whom his Treaty of War has immortalized, deserve the title of Great Frenchman. I, too, have found the means to accomplish the Sacred Union over my name, and those who know the passions of the *Cité des Lettres* do not ignore that it is even harder to build up an alliance between the literary chapels than between the political parties. For indeed those writers who still obey the laws of our grammar, and the *Jeunes* who are deliberately false to them, bow before my work with equal respect. The former honor me for the vesture of my thought; the latter for that thought itself.

Why don't they understand, these young iconoclasts, that I am, for all that, the last rampart against their barbarism? They do not know yet that agitation is sterile and that to destroy false idols there is nothing like a delicate action which envelops them as in a caress. This explains why it is unsafe to build on the ardent words of agitators. They give us the Sermon on the Mount, or the *Chanson des Gueux*, and they end up on the Cross or at the Academy. The most turbulent ones are sometimes calmed by being made the head of the government or even President of the Republic — for we have learned by the famous precedent of the Pisistratides, and by more recent examples, that those who do not like to be governed want only to govern others. Whether they are bound by the chain

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of a penitentiary or by that of honors, we cannot deny that these men end up just as badly. And that should not surprise us. It is not well to reproach them their recantation. The revolutionary character of youth is not a sign of its intelligence, it denotes its lack of discipline; it is not yet experienced enough to distinguish between Law which is sometimes oppression and Moderation which is always harmony. At this juncture I will point out to the young people of to-day, how different the line of my life was from theirs.

I kept away from all lawless manifestations in my early days. My verses, modeled after the best Parnassian pattern, were of an impeccable structure, and my first novels were witty without being biting. The *Temps* welcomed me. In it I reproached the author of *La Débâcle* for his antipatriotism; and the other good marks which my exemplary conduct brought me made their impression on the Academy, which received me in its generous bosom. I am not ashamed to confess these errors; they were for me the necessary steps of my emancipation. Converts are always the most dangerous destroyers of the temple which they have denied. And if I wished to seek shelter behind a similar case, just as illustrious perhaps, I should cite that of Jean Jaurès, who died a martyr of his new faith.

It was my love for the French language which induced me to think freely. There is no paradox in this affirmation. I passed my childhood among the old octavos which filled my father's house, and I breathed early, with delight, their venerable dust. And so, I learned to know life, not through contact with men but through contact with books. The passion for them has never left me. When my tastes had been refined by years, I followed the inclination of my temperament, which is at once peaceful and combative and which led me to the study of the eighteenth century. Diderot delighted me infinitely; I familiarized myself with the ideas of those thinkers who brought the church to grief at a time when it was almost as powerful as to-day — for I forgot to mention that philosophical works alone interested me. The tragedies of M. Arouet de Voltaire made me yawn; but I was charmed by his *Mélanges Philosophiques*. I have made a very judicious use of the latter, as well as of the works of that other writer, happily forgotten, La Mothe le Vayer. I will not mention the others . . . I read them all with rapture, and I have been able to adapt their sentiments to the taste of my century. I have even delved into those licentious little plays which were being given in the small clandestine theatres of princes or of the *Fermiers Généraux*, and I have sometimes culled their sallies with the generosity of a rich man who adopts an abandoned child. Do not accuse me of borrowing my inspiration from others. Only the young imagine that thought still contains unexplored regions. Pythagoras knew this already: all our thoughts are only the repetition of accomplished deeds, and if M. Georges Clemenceau had not been inspired by the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, he would not have mastered the *furor teutonicus*, in spite of his bravery and his talent.

I found out that all these encyclopædists owed their success less to the fervor of their thought than to its quality. One can always rise, with the French — with all the French — against laws, human as well as divine, provided one does not scare them. That sort of business requires a lot of skill. Our countrymen who, on the one hand, mistrust a sectarian, on the other hand receive a skeptic with a smile of complicity. Who among us does not criticize the powers? Were not the Grandees

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of the Kingdom, themselves, charming to Beaumarchais? And I know a good lady, very assiduous in her religious duties, whose indulgence for the Abbé Coignard is such that she prays every day to the good Lord to forgive him his misdeeds.

Yes, gentlemen, it is the atmosphere of the eighteenth century that has enlightened me — or lost me; for the verdict does not proceed from the equity but from the optics of men. I gained in the company of these philosophers the spirit of impiety. It was thus, too, with the monks to whom the copying and the illustration of the Holy Bible were entrusted, so that faith might be strengthened in their souls — but the results were reversed. It was then that I won the support of social reformers and of those gentle believers, who, with pride, call themselves free-thinkers. I felt myself slipping along the slope of popularity with a joy that was a little restive. I received the visits of men who were enlightened or shrewd and who called me 'Citoyen Anatole France'; and one day even an exhuberant cabman, with an apostolic look, hailed me as 'Comrade.' In spite of my aversion to the incorrectness of their addresses, in spite of my horror for their barbarisms, I allowed myself to be inebriated with their captious piccolo. It was at the time when M. Bergeret, contaminated by his relations, scourged the *sbirri* and the publicans in a language adulterated by meeting-hall terms. I signed ardent manifestos and scarlet bills. I took part in gatherings, I inaugurated co-operative restaurants. I spoke in halls reeking with smoke, on the Rights of Man, on Russia, on Macedonia, on the syndical rights of teachers, on Armenia, and on hygienic dwellings. Alas! The Latin adage which has it that spoken words fly away is no longer true. For patient stenographers and greedy editors captured my eloquence to turn it into coin. I ceased being skeptical to be revolutionary. I kissed M. Combes in public, and M. Combes kissed me — a touching spectacle which aroused the popular imagination. And, as I adorned with capitals 'Future Humanity,' the 'Future of the Proletariat,' the 'Fourth Estate,' and the 'Revolution,' I understand to-day, with an appeased heart, that I have changed only my religion. For, a converted unbeliever, I had only left the Catholic, the Roman, and the Apostolic Church to enter the Humanitarian Orders.

This recovered faith, and my slow-dying doubts, sometimes gave my actions a troublesome incoherence, which caused them to be ill interpreted. I will not insist on my attitude during the War, when I tried to invent a composite hymn in which the patriotic accents of the Marseillaise were wedded with the couplets of the Internationale. I was reeling between my aristocratic temperament and my fidelity to the Party.

For I am of the Party!

This sad accident has almost brought me a nomination for deputy. Shall I confess? I was almost on the point of accepting this nomination — but I reflected that I should have to receive all these voters, who are ill fed by good revolutionary principles, and that I should have to waste valuable hours to have them appointed policemen, municipal guards, or ushers in the Palais de Lois.

At bottom, it was still my love for the French language which saved me. I feared that I should have to suffer too much, listening without protestation to the mutilation of our divine tongue. In truth letters guarded me from the Forum. For this, I thank the books that once more have enlightened me. There are hours when I doubt the sincerity of my conversion and when I ask

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myself if once again I have not been mistaken. This Fourth Estate — having attained to power, will it protect libraries, those libraries which I have described in my novels so often and so lovingly? Having already no respect for the Word, will it not hurl down in its unchained ignorance, the marvels of art and of beauty which have made the enchantment of my life? Will it respect this Venus, come from Herculanæum, which adorns my study, and whose rounded form, which I often contemplate, has helped the light curves of my thoughts? Will it not tear to pieces this precious Aretino which I acquired just yesterday, an Aretino which probably comes from the library of the Vatican — from the times when the popes knew how to read, for it bears on the back of its bindings a tiara, a ciborium, and a cross? This binding — from the same period, too! — is of Morocco leather with jutting grain, excellently preserved. The bookseller, who knows my sins, has also put into my hands (and they have kept it) an Evangelium in Gothic characters. This Evangelium is in perfect condition, and I have noticed in one of its miniatures, incontestable masonic emblems. Is not that surprising, and should it not stimulate us into making an exciting commentary, were not time limited?

Now, if our Rule comes, shall I not have to leave all of this? In short, I am not very sure that Tsarism is not the best form of government for a man in love with Græco-Latin culture. A monarchy without priests and without soldiers would not be so bad either. . . . Well . . . let us have faith, Gentlemen, in the intelligence of the multitude. For if it should betray our hopes I believe that I should not hesitate to defend the treasures of our glory! Once more I should enter the struggle. I would not imitate Mauritius Barresius, that self-worshiping scribe, who, jealous to hide his cult from the eye of the barbarians, preferred like the Homeric Achilles to withdraw into a distant tent.

No. Like René Descartes, who knew, too, how to draw the sword, I should enter the service in the army of the imperial marshal, Frédéric Masson, and I should come, ever faithful to my riotous disposition, to tumble down my own statue.

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GERMANY'S REBIRTH

BY GERHART HAUPTMANN

[The article which follows is the address delivered by Gerhart Hauptmann, Germany's greatest living poet, when the University of Vienna bestowed upon him its Cross of Honor last November. Hauptmann was the first citizen of Germany to receive this distinction.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, November* 12
(Radical Liberal Daily)

This is not the first time that I have had the honor to address a scientific institution in Vienna. But my previous visit was in the care-free, brilliant days of old. Those were days of exhilaration, of faith, particularly of firm faith in the progress of mankind.

But it will profit us naught, it will serve no useful purpose, to continue the comparison of those days with our own — at least so to compare them as to make the present appear a period of torment and the past a period of unsullied glory.

'T is true that retrospection is as wholesome for us at times as introspection and as a study of the future. However, we should not employ those processes to court depression of spirits or to justify a religion of despair. Let our vision be clear. Let our thinking be vigorous. Let our attitude be that of men.

We are alive. We are part of the present world. The past no longer exists, and it cannot be recalled. We certainly would not count him a wise man who wasted his elder years in vain longing for his childhood.

The present always holds this great advantage, compared with even the most brilliant past — that it condenses within itself the whole sum of our experience; and that it is part and parcel of the life of to-day, not only enjoying the right to be alive, but having all the duties and powers of life.

Woe to us if the day should ever come when we cease to be conscious of the rights, the duties, and the powers of the living present.

From this vantage ground of the present, where the rights and duties and powers of the living are our immediate portion, let me venture for a moment to draw your attention to these fields of retrospection, introspection, and forecast.

Germany, and by that I mean just now not so much a territory bounded by political frontiers and crossed by rivers and mountain ranges, as the inseparably united German world which owes allegiance to our German mother-tongue — this Germany, like the physical Germany, has just passed through an experience which we are well justified in calling a tremendous tragedy.

When I say that, we all are conscious of an untold bitterness, of a welling-up of million-tongued inner protests within our hearts. It is such a tremendous, such a superhuman tragedy, that only nature's kindly opiate, which always brings surcease of pain when pain becomes unendurable, enables us to speak of it and live. But it is our duty to live. Were we not resolute in this determination, such a national catastrophe, indeed such a catastrophe for all mankind as we have just experienced, would be fatal to the nation and the race. We all have passed through moments when we hung precariously over the very verge

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of the abyss, when we shrank back terrified and took refuge in the ordinary affairs of men, shuddering at the recollection of what we had just escaped, shuddering, too, at human callousness, forgetfulness, stupidity, unteachableness, so unworthy of the solemn purpose of our lives.

I do not mean here the common people. Many of them in every country are still trembling with the shock of the great earthquake. But there are others who have forgotten it and perhaps were never aware of it. Age, temperament, and individual experience account for that. The name of such is legion. I am thinking primarily of those who represent the head and heart of nations and of humanity at large, the men whose gifts and vision make them the natural leaders of their race. Upon their shoulders lie the responsibilities of the present. That is why we shrink back horrified when we discover that even such men are mere speaking masks.

But we who are assembled here are not such masks as those which Friedrich Schiller mentions. Neither are we, to quote another great German — and let's thank God for it — *die einzig fühlende Brust*. It was comparatively easy to weigh and value the glory and the fruits of the war of 1870 and 1871. But these last five years, during which the car of the Juggernaut has been crushing the people of Europe under its callous, unconscious wheels, though terrible to remember, are worthy of still deeper study. They bear a profounder and a loftier message to our nation and to humanity.

When, in the reign of Emperor William, I came to Vienna, reviled by many as the wrecker of the German stage, and yet welcomed to your hospitality and to your learned society, it was an occasion which touched my heart with love and with a deeper sense of kinship. But what brings us together to-day, what unites us to-day, is far closer and more intimate than that. During the interval we — without Dante for a guide — have walked through hell. We are still struggling hand in hand to get a foothold even on the farthest limit of purgatory. I need not dwell upon the contrast between this and our earlier sunny paradise. All human relationships have meanwhile become deeper and more meaningful, and the call to ascend the Mount of Purification rings more loudly than ever in the ears of nations and of all mankind.

It is to this task that we consecrate ourselves to-day. Without that purification, let me repeat, though it be for the millionth time, humanity cannot survive.

There is no pathway out of hell except through chastening sorrows. There is no other way upward. No one imagines that we have already emerged from this epoch of purification. None the less, purgatory rises high above inferno; because its sufferings are lightened by the hope of salvation; yes, by the certainty of eventual redemption.

Do not fancy for a moment that this idea of purification has any connection with the grotesque creation of Versailles, or with the perfected Pharisaism for which Versailles stands. Never before in history has a fearful human tragedy been concluded and degraded by such a cruel farce. No, I do not mean the penance and purification, the remorse and repentance, which that Treaty presumes to impose. That would have as little spiritual virtue as a mass celebrated by a tiger. No, our redemption must come from a true study of ourselves, from a deeper searching of our own hearts in order that we may rediscover and rescue our sullied national virtues, the sullied and tattered instincts of humanity, which we have lost.

Among other things, let us first of all preserve our self-respect. Disasters

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such as we have just experienced, humiliating as they may be in a purely material sense, contain nothing that need crush, at heart, a self-conscious and united nation. Are we, by our faint courage, to show ourselves unworthy of the millions of dead brothers who shed their blood at the call of their leaders in heroic defense of their national ideals? In the simile of the Bible, that would be refusing to recognize the risen dead. It would be stopping our ears to the deafening cry of protest raised by these untold hosts of blood witnesses, were we to resign ourselves to unworthy despair. Let me repeat: we are physically conquered, but we are not crushed in our hearts. Unworthy indeed were the nation that allowed the common gossip of mankind to shake its faith in its own heroic deeds, or that permitted to be stolen from it the proud consciousness of its own worth.

We are, and we shall continue to be, one people, bound together by a common speech, by a common character, as powerful and as great as ever. But the new era which confronts us, the era of intensive self-cultivation, makes far higher demands upon us than the Wilhelm era. The Empire sought to cultivate in us only the limited understanding of subjects. To-day, for the time being at least, we are thrown upon ourselves; only the *civis Germanus* survives. The German citizen has attained his majority. He must depend on his own resources. He bears alone a burden of responsibility which did not rest upon his shoulders in 1914. The decisions, acts, and errors of that period were not his own. Summoned to boundless tasks and sacrifices in the service of an ideal, he nevertheless found himself a mere passive agent, an automaton. His idealism passed for no more than an asset of the General Staff — and an under-valued asset at that! Little by little even his idealism was neglected and systematically destroyed, to the ruin of the old régime. But to-day we have nothing left but that national ideal. The German sees above him now nothing but the throne of God. Therefore, we must cherish this national ideal with a newer, freer, and profounder devotion.

The highest moral command upon the individual and upon the nation is: to be real — to be one's self. The more truly the individual German is a German, the more truly German and powerful will the nation be.

Need we conceal from ourselves the fact that we are to-day in many ways better Germans than we were ten years ago? It was no hard task to love the powerful, happy, prosperous, and glorified Germany of that period. But the love we feel now is a different love. It is a greater and a stronger love which we cherish for a humble, mutilated, and invalid fatherland. This love is of a quality for which the Wilhelm era had little appreciation, yet it is the highest German possession, the pearl which we have discovered in the ashes of our ruined home. It is the treasure which will enable its impoverished owner to restore his fortunes.

I shall never forget the days when our armies reeled back from the front, when the Kaiser deserted his country, when the German princes descended from their thrones. Those were the days when Germany's misery, its weakness, and — let us speak frankly — its disgrace, were deepest. Despair seemed only too well justified. Yet it was precisely during those days that we witnessed the first and unforgettable evidences of this indestructible, eternal brother-love. It was first revealed in German Austria. That country, not half as culpable as ourselves in the eyes of our enemies, nevertheless stood loyally by us, regardless of the fact that she thus disparaged herself in the eyes of those on whose mercy she then was cast. It was nothing to her that the government

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and the people with whom she was ready to join her fortunes were conquered, crushed, trodden in the dust, covered with disgrace and shame. When in history was the language of love, the call of blood, more powerful, more gloriously manifest! A heart impulse spoke at that moment stronger than any expression of a nation's soul we had ever known before; it was the outcry of a nation's soul unhappily become the plaything of the demonic and cynical caprice of others. This powerful, courageous cry of kinship was like the shriek of a child, the despairing love cry of a child, whose mother, struck down by enemies, surrounded by enemies, lies beaten and helpless on the ground.

I shall never forget the profound emotion with which I heard that cry. For a moment the thought flashed through my mind that Providence had brought these enormous trials upon our nation merely to evoke that flow of feeling. I recognized this. I rejoiced even in that dark hour in the conviction: Germany is not dead. She lives. She will live on. She is not poor. She is rich, for she possesses the pearl, that most precious pearl, beyond price, her true, untouched, indestructible soul, in the ashes and ruins of the world conflagration.

Let us cling fast to this true, untouched soul of our race. We can do so if we are steadfastly loyal, if we repudiate our local vanities and jealousies. And let us leave the world to go its way. Our first task is to heal ourselves and not the world. Let us hope that the world will also be healed without us.

It would be impossible to conceive, to embrace with our comprehension, the true and intimate character of our race, and its infinite wealth and variety, were we not able to recognize the whole in its parts. And we can do so only by discarding that which is not germane to our national character. For example, despite the fact that a German, Berthold Schwarz, is said to have invented gun powder, we shall not find the true characteristics of the German soul in cannon, war, and military deeds. Militarism was never specifically German, any more than it was peculiarly Russian or French. It is a European spectre to be conjured back into its cavern by the light of reason. Let us pity the nations which still sigh under its weight. Militarism is an unwelcome child of fear, of a fear whose visions became frightful realities which turn and enslave its victims.

European militarism and its representatives can claim no credit for the fact that our German character has been preserved through all our trials. Silent and unobserved, a plate of common earth stood in that sacred room at Weimar where Goethe labored and died, throughout all the long régime of military force, like a symbol of our German nature. The venerable Olympian who dwelt there was experimenting with the soil only a few hours before his death, testing the soil from which he sprang and with which his ashes would be mingled. It was the same mother earth from which we were taken and which we again shall join. 'Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return.' These words, symbolizing the mother earth of the soul and spirit, I would have sink deep into the minds of every German to-day. That is the path to a rebirth of the German soul.

Now that we have named one of the elect, Goethe, and have found in him the most comprehensive and glorious incarnation of the German nature, let us interpret that nature in his person. His high example will teach us how broad is the dominion of the German spirit, how far beyond our political boundaries it extends.

I doubt whether there is a person in this hall who does not know this true

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prince of our nation so well, that a mere hint from me will be sufficient to symbolize through him the German nature in its full development. If we are to understand Goethe we must learn to dispense with a certain misuse of the word *Deutsch*. Either a man is German or he is not. A man who is not German will never become so, no matter how voluble and profuse his professions of that quality. But a man who belongs to the race, remains so though he be born without the gift of speech. In this sense Goethe was German, though given a thousand tongues instead of one. From dust thou comest, to dust thou shalt return. From German dust hast thou been made and with German dust thou eventually shalt mingle. This is true of the spiritual world as well as the physical world; and what makes us German is nothing but the German spirit. There is a soil which produces it and a soil which it in turn produces. Let us not despise this humus in which our race-life is rooted. Only the ignorant can do that, they from whose eyes the wonders of creation are concealed. Let this be the lesson taught us by that plate of earth which Goethe studied so thoughtfully a few hours before his death, and which still stands in the room where he labored and died.

To be completely a German one must have made his own all the emanations of the German spirit. What is neglected dies. Crops will not flourish without cultivation. Therefore, we should master not only Goethe, but Wieland, Herder, and our other great masters of literature. We should not forget Erwin von Steinbach, the Strassburg Cathedral, Sebaldus's tomb, Albert Dürer, Schongauer. The field is a broad one. Its treasures, thank God, are inexhaustible; we can find them in architecture, in the fine arts, in poetry, in music, last of all in philosophy and science.

Here we touch upon the question of the school, of its place in our future system of education. The school must be founded on reverence — on reverence for the German spirit. It must comprehend that spirit in all its depth and breadth and height. It must hold fast to its lofty conceptions in spite of the physical mutilation of our country, in spite of the spiritual divisions among ourselves. Let hands be stretched forth from every side to repair the torn garments of our people. The manifold tasks before the German school culminate in the rediscovery of ourselves, in the reuniting of our severed forces. Since our true treasure is buried and hidden from us, we need divers, dousers, searchers of the earth. Man lives not by bread alone and the school is an organ of intellect and spirit. All great Germans have been rediscoverers, dousers, explorers, and restorers of hidden treasures. The German school must address itself first to these functions. Its inspiration must be more than mere material welfare. In a higher sense it profits man nothing though he win the whole world, if he lose his soul. The school has a mighty and a holy task. It must strive to construct what is, in a sense, the church of the future. That goal may be almost beyond our reach. But for that very reason it is a goal the worthier of our struggles and attainment.

More than that, this striving toward the ideal is not devoid of practical profit. The strength of the people, the power of the nation, lies in unity of thought and purpose. Without such unity our marvelous and boasted civilization falls below that of the brutes. Many of us of late have even longed for a return to the so-called Dark Ages, as a release from our present soulless era.

There is a German proverb: *Friede ernährt, Unfriede zerstört.* (Peace sustains, discord destroys.) Peace means culture; and the tasks of culture are the tasks of peace. Let us not be diverted

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from these tasks. Aye, even though, to quote St. Augustine, a rivalry seems to have arisen between war and peace as to which shall be the cruelest — even though it seems that peace has become more barbarous than war.

In closing, I beg you to judge my simple words by a modest standard. I have neither the capacity nor the ambition to bring you a novel message. I would gladly see more simplicity, more modesty of expression in the proceedings of all our public councils. But possibly I am only striving to make a virtue of my personal weakness. However that may be, I shall be satisfied if my words convey to you my love for what is German, my invincible faith in its survival, and my profound gratitude to yourselves.

EUROPE'S EBBING LIFEBLOOD

From the *Outlook, December* 3
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

'The interchange of commodities between one nation and another is the lifeblood of modern European civilization,' remarks a writer in the current *Round Table*. 'In the last few months the stream of international trade, dammed here, and there diverted, has steadily dwindled.' No survey of economic conditions on the Continent, even when these are compared with what they were six months, or even three months, ago, can leave the observer other than aghast. We have repeatedly urged in these columns the necessity of concerted international action to stabilize exchanges as a necessary first step toward 'making Europe a going concern,' toward that resumption of international trade without which all the nations, and our own first, must sink into decay. We do not always agree with Mr. Wells, but we thank him for pointing out that, as things stand, it is false optimism to assume that because we are in a trade slump, we shall necessarily have a revival; that because the pendulum has swung far in one direction, it must necessarily soon commence to swing back. Violent, indeed, has been the shock to which the delicate mechanism of civilization has been subjected, and it is quite possible, and even probable, unless the clockmender comes in time, that the pendulum will swing so far in the wrong direction that it will break off and fall to the floor. We have begged for concerted action, but we do not underrate the difficulties. How can exchanges be stabilized? The currencies of the world, it is clear, cannot at once be placed on the former gold basis; this would be impossible until the European exchanges had equaled the value of the American dollar; for, were even the relatively valuable pound sterling redeemable in gold, at the present rate of exchange, that gold would be shipped to America, there to buy dollars, a transaction that would yield the operator a profit of 20 per cent. The only way, it seems to us, by which the world at once can return to a gold basis is for Europe to accept the present exchanges and debase its currency accordingly. A sovereign, instead of being worth $4.86 2–3, would thus be worth $4, while the French, who were able for-

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merly to buy a golden sovereign for 25.22 francs, would have to issue a gold coin the same size worth nearly 60 francs, and so on throughout Europe.

But no nation, certainly not our own, is ready to accept such a drastic solution, nor do we advocate it at a moment when fluctuations are so violent that there is no guarantee that the new gold status so suggested could subsist for more than a few weeks without further violent derangement. We have suggested a cancelation of enemy and friendly debts as a necessary prelude to exchange stabilization, but more than this is required; international budgets must balance before we can hope for a turn for the better. Our own budget is not beyond salvation, despite the despairing cries of the Chancellor, whose job is a sinecure compared with that of any of his Continental fellows. Two examples will show the bog in which Continental finance is embedded. The French budget for 1922 assumes full payments from Germany, which obviously will not be made, and is in other ways ultra-optimistic, yet shows a deficit of 1625 million francs; the German Government in April estimated a deficit for the current financial year of 33,000 million marks, on the first of this month that estimate had risen to 100,000 million marks, and during the last seven months 52,500 million marks were added to the floating debt.

But if gloom weighs us down as we consider the desperate facts we have recorded, there is a little more hope this week than we have been able to discern for months. A traveler dying of thirst in a waste of sand, his only chance a storm of rain, chokes down his despair and permits himself hope when the tiniest cloud forms in a corner of the pitilessly clear sky. The conversations begun at last, whether official or unofficial, between German and our own financiers, with the promise then held out of a moratorium for Germany, appear to us such a wisp of cloud, for we believe the first step toward economic restoration of the world must be a recognition of the fact that Germany cannot pay the indemnity imposed. Once this fact is accepted, German credit and German enterprise will revive, a gangrene that must otherwise infect all Europe will be arrested, while the rest of us can get on with the debt cancelation and the international exchange conferences that must precede a revival. We are not well enough informed this week to comment on the character of the discussions now taking place, the proposals now being formulated; but there is one phase of the British-German conversations that is only too clear. That is the suspicion and hostility of France. Whenever financial discussions take place with Germans, the latter always say: 'These suggestions are all very well, but how can you protect us from the French? Their army is ready, they will break with you and move forward to the destruction of Germany and Europe unless their demands are met in full. Are you able to stop them, and, if so, how?'

In the confusion of recriminations, charge, and counter-charge in progress between Paris and London, there is one point that might help to clarify the international situation could it only be made clear to the French. We have here also narrow, selfish concession-hunters, players of the outworn diplomatic game, stickers of pins, Bourbons whom the war and these economic disasters have taught nothing, who are 'anti-French' now in the same sense that their intellectual and moral equals in Paris are 'anti-English.' We have ourselves contended at times in favor of exclusively British interests, especially in the Near East, which it seemed to us the French were unfairly overriding; but in all these selfish contests France

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and England should do their swordplay with buttons on their foils. We recognize that, on this purely nationalist plane, France has legitimate grievances against us. In the Near East, we made commitments with France and with the Arabs, during the war, neither set of which could be carried into effect without detriment to the other; and our 1915 understanding with France was to some extent cast overboard. In selling coal during 1919 to our Continental Allies at a ruinous monopoly price, our owners and miners joined with the Government in shameless profiteering, for which they are now paying the penalty of lost markets, and which has left France and Italy with a well-founded sense of injustice. And the outcry raised by certain interests here against the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, by which Germany bound herself to rebuild the devastated areas, should make us hang our heads in shame. If France has been guilty of sharp practice toward us, let us frankly admit that we have given as good as we got.

A French newspaper ironically asked this week where in the world a finger could be placed and a speaker declare: 'Here the interests of France and England are identical.' It might be well answered: 'In the cemeteries of Flanders and the Artois, where the unending rows of little crosses stand.' Whatever personal quarrels the English and French Governments, or financial interests, may have with each other, the two peoples will not forget those French fields, where the best of both our races lie; and we beg our readers, when our belligerent and caustic 'Nemo' makes remarks about 'France,' to take the word 'France' as shorthand for 'the political, military, and commercial oligarchy now controlling the destinies of the French Republic.'

But there *is* a serious grievance against 'France,' and we wish our French friends could understand that that grievance has no reference to any selfish, narrow, local conflict of interests between this country and their own. It is not an English grievance, it is a world grievance. The policy of the French Government, at present, in refusing to recognize the hard economic facts of the world peril, tends to retard or make impossible any concerted international action toward stanching the flow of the lifeblood of Europe, that lifeblood which is 'the interchange of commodities between one nation and another.' Until France recognizes that she must be content with the reconstruction of her devastated areas by Germany, and must forgive her debtor as her creditors are prepared to forgive her, until France permits the rest of us to place the indemnity question on a sane basis as a prelude to world reconstruction, the French Government will be the enemy to the efforts of a shaken civilization to reëstablish itself. It is in the interests of France, as well as of England, that the French Government should recognize these facts; the only respect in which we are selfishly and narrowly English in pressing this point of view is that, if things go on as they are, England will go to the dogs first, and France, a self-supporting nation, may continue to preserve some form of civilized life longer than ourselves. But France cannot hold up her head in a ruined Europe. France, too, will in no very distant long run go under. When we press these facts upon France, we speak not only for England, but for the world; we are adopting an attitude not 'anti-French,' but, in the truest sense of the phrase, 'pro-French.' It is a *world* problem that faces us; all the nations, England and Germany and France and America, must help to solve it or all go down, if not at the same time then separately.

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WILD LIFE IN INDIA

BY E. KAY ROBINSON

From the *Times*, India Supplement
(Northcliffe Press)

Mention India to a stranger and he thinks at once of tigers and snakes and perhaps scorpions. Yet of Europeans in India very few ever see a wild tiger, and many never see either snake or scorpion.

The tiger is sought by the favored few at great expense of money and effort, although, of course, it may, in exceptional circumstances, be encountered accidentally in the jungle — to the mutual dismay of both parties; but Europeans who wander in wild jungle except for hunting are very few. Snakes and scorpions, although common everywhere, are seldom seen, partly because they are instinctively secretive and only come abroad, as a rule, at night; and partly because Europeans in India do no manual garden work in the hot weather and are careful not to wander from beaten paths after nightfall. If one wishes to see scorpions, however, one has only to lift up any old piece of matting in a verandah, where they will be revealed to the unwelcome light of day in numbers proportionate to the length of time since that matting was last moved; and, as for snakes, the mongoose — an elongated weasel-like creature with dense grizzled fur, almost a snake itself in outline, which makes its home in any old drain or inaccessible recess in the cactus hedge — knows where to find one every mealtime. The mongoose resembles the English weasel also in the audacity with which it will pop its head out of its retreat over and over again to have a good look at you; but unlike the weasel it readily becomes a tame inmate of the bungalow, where it makes a charming pet, and is as fond of music as of milk.

The Indian animal most noticed by Europeans, perhaps, is the little gray squirrel with white lines down the back, made, according to pious natives, by God's fingers in stroking the little creature. It feeds in the roads as ubiquitously and impudently as the London sparrow, and gets out of the way of vehicles only at the very last moment; while English dogs are driven nearly frantic by its perfect judgment of the time necessary to reach the nearest tree, whisking round the trunk with a flourish of its tail while the furious dog is still three inches behind.

Musk-rats also force themselves occasionally upon one's attention in India by their habit of entering a bungalow and ambling slowly round the rooms, talking loudly to themselves all the time in a chittering voice. Although rat-like, the musk-rat is not really a rat, but a large shrew, protected to an extreme degree by offensive odor like sickeningly strong musk, which it emits at will. If not interfered with it will soliloquize round the room, picking up insects attracted by the light, and wander out again; but let anyone assault it, and the room will scarcely be habitable for a time. Dog or cat only attacks a musk-rat once in its life, and the mongoose moves politely out of its way. That is the meaning of the continuous noise which it makes as it goes

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along — a sort of alarm-bell to let all concerned know that something is coming which is best left alone.

But of all wild beasts in India perhaps the most universally disliked is the jackal, like a gray wolf-shaped fox with half-length tail. When all is silent at night, a sudden crash of yells mixed with lunatic laughter just outside the bungalow wakes every sleeper in the place and sets all the dogs in the neighborhood barking; but before you can do anything the fiendish chorus ends as abruptly as it began, and the pack are silently racing away through the darkness. With these four exceptions, wild animals are scarcely more noticeable in India than in England, except to those who deliberately go in search of them: but the elephants and camels and dangerous-looking buffaloes, with their evil little eyes and immense curved horns, lend Oriental interest to a drive outside the town, while even in the narrow, crowded bazaars of the cities handsome humped bulls, which pious Hindus have set loose for the good of their own souls and the service of the country, loaf idly along, pilfering from the grain-stalls as they pass. Fat and superbly sleek seem these self-fed bulls by contrast with the starveling cows and still more starveling goats and goat-like sheep, diminutive donkeys, and undersized narrow-chested ponies, whose shaggy coats cannot conceal their staring ribs.

One cannot travel much in India, however, without making the acquaintance of two types of monkeys. Each part of India has its own *langur* — pronounced lungoor — a large slender-limbed monkey with very long straight tail, black face, and immense eyebrows, amazingly agile in getting across wooded country by leaping from tree to tree. It is no doubt to protect his eyes against twigs that his long stiff eyebrows have been acquired. Under the name of Hanuman, the *langur* appears in sacred Hindu sculpture as an ally of the god Rama, though not a god himself. So, though not worshiped, he is highly reverenced; and when, as often in Bengal, he enters towns he is allowed to plunder the grain-stalls with impunity. More familar monkeys than the *langurs* are the various Indian *bandars* — pronounced bunders — or macaques. These are our common short-tailed monkeys of the organ-grinding type; but in India, sharing some of the reverence paid to Hanuman the *langur*, they live an independent life in large companies, the old males of which like to exhibit a temper as short as their tails. As they have formidable canine teeth this contributes toward the respect with which the bare-shinned natives regard them.

India's varied tracts of mountain, forest, and sunburnt plain are especially rich in large animals of sport and the chase. The most characteristic of these is perhaps the great sloth bear with shaggy black coat, gray muzzle, long white digging claws, and comically ungainly movements. *Bhalu*, as this bear is familiarly called in most parts of India, is dangerous if suddenly met, especially a female with cubs; and though it comes down hill like a runaway portmanteau, it covers the ground with unpleasant speed. Much handsomer and less dangerous, unless wounded, the Himalayan black bear and brown bear, the latter a slightly smaller race of the brown bear of Europe, attract many sportsmen annually to the hills, especially of Kashmir.

In the color and quality of the mane, in size and in strength, the Indian lion compares unfavorably with his relatives in Africa, and also lacks the dark line down the spine. The shortcomings of the lion are, however, more than compensated to India by possession of the tiger, most powerful of carnivora, from whose bizarre markings on face and

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body we ought to have learned the secret of dazzle-painting and the value of stripes long before the war. In the leopard also — especially the larger, yellower race of leopards in the Indian hills, which used to be known as 'panthers' — Asia has the advantage over Africa, where the leopards are comparatively small and dark. Finer even in appearance than the leopard of the hills, owing to its dense pale fur, but not really quite so large, the snow leopard or ounce is much less often brought to bag; for it seldom ranges far below the Himalayan snow-line, where it preys upon the wild mountain sheep.

The Indian elephant, with its docility, intelligence, and strength, is much too valuable to be exterminated for sport; whereas both the Indian rhinoceroses, the greater and the less, are doubtless doomed to extinction except where rigorously preserved as interesting survivals of the past.

One of the most dangerous sports in the world is provided by the Indian wild boar. On more European lines is the deer-stalking of such grand stags as the *barasingha* of Kashmir, closely related to and somewhat larger than our own red deer, the still larger *sambur* of Central and Southern India, and in diminishing series the swamp, spotted, barking, hog, musk, and mouse deer — the last a tiny deer, standing scarcely a foot high. Beside the deer, India has five antelopes, including the *nilgai*, whose name, meaning 'blue cow' — though only the old males are slate color — aptly describes its size and sluggish character, and the common black buck, whose name is also applicable only to the old bucks, the does and young being, as with the *nilgai*, safely clad in khaki.

India has also one gazelle, the dainty *chikara*, and a number of fine wild goats, wild sheep, and cattle: the *serow*, handsomely colored but heavy in build, the magnificent *markhor*, with horns sometimes four and a half feet long, the *gooral* or chamois, the typical wild goat (*tehr*) and the ibex of the Himalayas. The Nilgheri Hills have also an ibex of their own. Grand wild sheep with immense horns are found beyond the Himalayas, and on the southern or Indian slopes the *oorial* of the Punjab and the *burrel*, the blue wild sheep which is the snow leopard's favorite food, are annually the objects of many a sportsman's weary climb. Herds of gigantic wild cattle with almost the bulk of elephants, the *gaur* and the *gayal*, roam at large in the eastern forests and have often caused trouble by straying upon newly constructed railway lines. Nearly related to them is the *banteng* of Burma, while the wild buffalo, differing little from the domesticated race and often interbreeding with it, ponderously brings up the rear of India's wonderful procession of big game.

Besides all the animals enumerated above, India has the beautiful cat-bear, brightest-hued of mammals, badger, hog badger, wolverine, marten, several weasels and allied small beasts of prey, nine cats graduating in size from the handsome clouded leopard, through the voracious *chaus* or jungle cat, to the smallest of the world's cats, the rusty-spotted cat, scarcely a foot and a half in total length. Allied to these are the lynx-like *caracal*, with elegant lyrate eartufts, and the *cheetah* or hunting leopard, the terror of the antelopes. The striped hyena, only less loathsome among mammals than the large spotted kind of South Africa, four civet cats, three tree-cats, and a black bear-cat: seven mongooses beloved as destroyers of snakes, and a wolf, detested as the murderer of children; the jackal, which attends upon the tiger for scraps, and the wild dog or *dhole*, which sometimes hunts the tiger to its death; four kinds of fox, two marmots, and about seven-

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teen rats, including the bandicoot rat, often weighing three pounds and burrowing so strenuously as to disturb the foundations of houses; fifteen mice, including several with spiny fur, two voles, three porcupines, and four hares; numerous bats, including the large flying-fox or fruit-bat, whose leathery wings in flight can be heard afar, and more than one kind of vampire; moles, hedgehogs, and shrews, the best known among the last being the offensive 'musk-rat' mentioned above.

Last, but by no means least among land mammals of modern type, comes the wild ass or *onager* of Cutch; while the ancient class of toothless beasts is represented by two pangolins or scaly anteaters, queer creatures of reptilian aspect, walking slowly on their knuckles and rolling into a tight ball when scared. Although not complete, this list shows that, even for a country of such size and varied landscape, India is peculiarly rich in mammals.

And what can we say of the birds? That they attract more attention than the mammals is not surprising, seeing that there are about seventeen hundred kinds, the majority not rare and many of the commonest conspicuous for large size, beautiful coloring, striking habits, or strange voices. Most surprising to the newcomer, perhaps, are some of the carrion birds, such as the vultures, waiting in silent ghoulish rings upon the Towers of Silence in Bombay, the ubiquitous pariah kites forever wheeling and screaming in the air or slanting and twisting earthward to snatch some scrap of food. High above the kites on level wings float the sovereign eagles and, ennobled by distance, the wide-winged vultures, one at least of whom on descending to earth becomes absurd. This is the Egyptian vulture, who paces slowly about the compound with the feathers on his white head all ruffled up behind like a worried old man.

Not many minutes elapse, however, before the common Indian crow commands the newcomer's attention. Queerly named 'splendens,' for he is dull gray and black and undersized compared with other Indian crows and ravens, he always occupies the front place in the garden scene, more impudent and elusive even than the English sparrow — which, by the way, is even more aggravating in India than in England, owing to its habit of insisting upon making its nest indoors and sitting under the ceiling, chirping stridently at you while you try to work with the thermometer well over ninety degrees in the shade.

But it is not possible here to give even a summary of the birds of India, as may be realized from the fact that there are more than 30 tits, 40 laughing thrushes, 90 babblers, 50 *bulbuls*, 110 warblers, 50 fly catchers, and so on. In Europe we have one nuthatch, in India there are 12 kinds. Against one English swallow India can set 13. Still, besides the few mentioned above, there are some which stand out from the multitude, because they arrest attention from the first and always thereafter occupy the foreground of one's view or retrospect of Indian birds in general.

Foremost among these, perhaps, comes the familiar green parrot, or rose-ringed paroquet of bird-fanciers at home, whose arrowy flight and piercing cries, coupled with his mischief wrought in every cultivated garden, make it impossible for anyone to overlook or forget him. A larger red-shouldered paroquet of the hills can be taught to talk well, and the blossom-headed paroquets of plum-color and green are lovely little things, much too fond of tearing flowers to pieces. The place of our blackbirds and thrushes on the ground floor of the garden is chiefly occupied by the *mynas*, demurely decorated birds with the alert and quarrelsome habits

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of our starling, from which, by the way, the common Indian starling differs only in the head being entirely glossed with purple. As with the green parrots, there is a larger, handsomer *myna*, or grackle, from the hills, which learns to talk with a perfect human intonation that no parrot can achieve.

For beauty among Indian birds, the blue jay, as the Indian roller is always called, flies preëminent, looping through the air and displaying on body, wings, and tail alternate broad bars of Oxford and Cambridge blue. As it curves up to perch upon a low tree it is a dream of beauty. Another feathered jewel is the common, small bee-eater, perching on any wire or post which offers a good outlook upon passing insects, its bronzy green plumage gleaming in the sun. The grace of its shape with tapering tail is reflected in the fairy lightness of its short flights after evasive but doomed insects. There are six other Indian bee-eaters, all beautifully colored; but, although larger, none of them has quite the charm of this little emerald gem. Next to the bee-eaters come the kingfishers, of which India has many kinds, including our own English kingfisher, although the Indian type is rather smaller; but the commonest and most conspicuous of all are the black-and-white pied kingfishers, which may be seen hovering and diving over almost any piece of water in the country.

A bird well known to everybody in India by sound but to few by sight is the coppersmith, which, perched at the top of a tree, emits a musically ringing 'tonk,' 'tonk,' 'tonk,' exactly like some worker upon metal. It is the best known of some seventeen Indian barbets, almost all daintily variegated with green, red, yellow, blue, and black, and equipped, like woodpeckers and parrots, with climbing feet, two toes pointing forward and two backward. Of woodpeckers, colored as variously as the barbets, but without the blue, India has about fifty-six, the best known being the golden-backed, with black wings and tail and scarlet crown, a lovely bird.

Tiny feathered jewels of the garden are the sunbirds, like humming-birds in habit, and scarcely larger or less beautiful. The best known is the purple sunbird, the rich metallic purple (of the male) being well set-off by large flame-colored tufts of fluff from the armpits, which he expands at will. With similarly expansible crest upon its a head, the hoopoe in harlequin plumage of barred black-and-white and chestnut red is almost the most striking bird in the Indian garden, and his reiterated bell-like note 'oop-oop,' 'oop-oop,' lives in memory as the very expression of the sleepy afternoon.

Of 15 Indian hornbills the commonest is the gray kind, about the size of a magpie, with narrow pointed casque, and of 20 swifts — some of them by speed of flight deserving the name better than even our English swift — the best known is the common Indian swift, smaller and blacker than our swift, with a white patch on the back like our house martin. Most wonderful of nest builders are the weaver birds, which hang their nests in company upon a solitary tree until at a distance it seems to be bearing a crop of half-sized Rugby footballs on long stalks, and the little tailor birds, which sew large leaves together with long fibres to make a receptacle for their tiny nests.

Although black and white in the male and gray and white in the female, the Indian robin is a real robin in every other respect; while our English blackbird ranges to Kashmir and our missel thrush may be seen and heard in the Himalayas, where, too, our cuckoo is fairly common. Our golden eagle is quite overlooked among the numerous Indian eagles, and his name is bestowed upon the bearded vulture, which soars

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so magnificently above the Himalayas. With so many indigenous birds of prey it is natural that falconry should have been for ages an Indian sport, and the *shahin*, *laggar*, *saker*, and *shanghar* falcons, as well as the *shikra* and *besra* hawks, and the little *turumti*, or red-headed merlin, are all used.

Of game birds India has an immense list, including, besides peafowl, the *monal*, almost the most resplendent bird that flies, and the jungle fowl, ancestor of our domesticated poultry; there are eight kinds of sandgrouse, 18 pheasants, about 16 quail, and 17 partridges, with a noble array of wildfowl and waterfowl. Six kinds of bustards and as many snipe, about a score of plovers, and many kinds of pigeon worth shooting help to make up a list of feathered game from which bags of infinite variety may be made on any holiday.

But in thinking of Indian birds one's mind goes always rather to the familiar birds of the garden, such as — in addition to the few mentioned above — the king crow or drongo-shrike, like an undersized blackbird with a forked tail, who by his superb powers of flight and indomitable courage terrorizes all hawks, eagles, ravens, or other large birds which come near the place; the tree-pie with long thin tail barred in three colors like a croquet-stick and uttering many quaint sounds of which one exactly reproduces the call that has given the American bobolink its name; the seven sisters, always in a family party of about that number, chattering under the bushes, and justifying in size, color, groundling habits, and trailing tails their other name of 'rat birds'; and at least three kinds of cuckoos — the crowlike *koel* whose long-drawn repetition of its name is, like our cuckoo's two old notes at home, India's promise of summer; the hawklike brainfever-bird, a fiend in feathers who perches in some tree at night and shouts 'brain fever! brain fever!! brain fever!!!' and so on in rising notes until his voice breaks, and he begins at the bottom of the scale again; and the curious crow pheasant, a ground cuckoo who looks like a crow with a pheasant's long tail behind, uttering a long deep hoot which sounds strangely distant and ventriloquial until one catches sight of the bird slipping between the bushes near at hand.

In reptiles, India is rather unpleasantly rich, although to Europeans its perils from snakes may not be all that Western fancy paints. There are at least three kinds of venomous snakes which are justly dreaded — the slender *krait*, dull purple, dully ringed with white; the hooded cobra, sometimes grayish black and sometimes whitish gray, but equally deadly in either hue; and the desert saw viper (*Echis carinata*), so-called because the scales on its sides have saw-toothed keels. It were not wise, however, to feel them while the reptile lives, for, as with *krait* and cobra, its bite means almost certain death. Others are equally deadly, but seldom encountered, such as the aggressive king cobra or hamadryad, sometimes measuring more than four yards of venomous spitefulness, and a sea snake which advertises its character by wasplike bands of black and yellow. Compared with these the Indian python or rock-snake, even when it attains a length of thirty feet, is harmless, though sufficiently alarming when disturbed by accident in the jungle.

Among other familiar Indian snakes are the large and active but harmless all-brown rat snake, and the vivid green tree snake like a long whip-lash twining itself in and out of the branches, an unpleasant surprise sometimes for gatherers of fruit or flowers.

More detested even than the venomous snakes are the huge estuarine crocodiles of Eastern India. These mon-

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sters, sometimes thirty feet in length, never hesitate to attack a human being, while the common short-nosed crocodile, or *muggur*, of the Indian rivers, though often dangerous, usually feeds upon smaller animals and seldom reaches half that length; and the *gharial*, or long-nosed crocodile, which attains to twenty feet, feeds only upon fish.

Lizards take a prominent place in the wild life of India. Inside the houses fat little dust-colored geckos climb with their lobed feet like flies upon the walls and even run across the ceilings in pursuit of flies, not infrequently falling to the ground with a 'flop' which sometimes jerks off their tails. In the garden almost every tree trunk has its long-tailed tree lizard, commonly called 'blood sucker,' because when it is excited its head and neck become vivid red; and in the country a common object is a large monitor — which people in India insist, without reason, upon calling an 'iguana.' Sometimes one of these monitors will put up a good fight against an English terrier, and, of course, the natives believe that the harmless creature is very venomous. The frogs, whose multitudinous clamor ushers in the rains, and the tortoises whose protruding heads often fringe the edges of river or tank are other lasting memories of reptilian wild life in India.

RUSSIA IN REVERSION

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, *November* 8, 16
(Radical Liberal Daily)

Russia presents first and foremost an economic problem. Its political tasks, immense and complex as they are, obviously stand second to its economic recovery. The Communist theories which still prevail, without being put completely into effect, are a great obstacle to the country's reconstruction. But it is vain to regard Russia with the eye of a speculator who has loaded up with old imperial rubles in the hope that the Bolsheviki may be turned out. Russia must be accepted as it is, and its uncertain political future must be discounted. The Soviet government is a fact. It is practically certain that its overthrow would be followed by utter anarchy. In that case reconstruction would be even more difficult than it is to-day under an ostensible dictatorship of the proletariat.

Another important factor in the situation is that the present rulers, having failed to obtain their theoretical objects by a direct route, seem willing to yield at last to practical necessity. So the first questions before us are, what are they actually doing to-day, and what are they able to do in the way of repairing the ruin in their country?

We must constantly bear in mind that no other form of government could start out to solve the nation's present economic puzzles in any other way than have the present rulers. The situation is one that dictates its own

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measures. Any government will have to take matters in its own hands and retain control of industry. It is as impossible now to restore the old free individual enterprise in Russia, as it was for the western nations to do so the moment the war was over.

Russia requires first of all peace at home and abroad. Its productive powers have sunk to a point where they cannot go lower or remain at a standstill without losing the power of recovery. The worst period was doubtless 1919 and 1920, when civil war was at its height. This year in spite of the famine there is a slight improvement. Nevertheless, the situation is one where reconstruction must start at the very foundation; the old business organism no longer exists. I do not mean by this that every factory in the country lies in ruins and must be rebuilt from the ground up. They are in a state of more or less repair or disrepair; many are busy though producing comparatively little. Their equipment, however, is inadequate and almost useless. The railways lack locomotives and cars. The government has published full statistics upon this subject which are already familiar. The whole nation needs a new outfit of clothes. It needs repaired dwellings, replaced windowpanes, new furniture, new agricultural machinery, new tools for its artisans, and books for its students. Establishments for producing all these things can hardly be manned with Russian workmen. During the long years of disorder and disorganization the people have lost their skill. The army drew away the best of the artisan classes.

It is an illusion to fancy that other countries will find it easy to coöperate in this labor. Both physical plants and a favorable political atmosphere must first be created. Foreign capital, foreign goods, foreign labor, are not to be had for the asking. Russia must give something in return. It is a rich country which has buried its treasures deep, and is not strong enough to dig them up again. Other lands must help, but they must be assured of pay for their labor. Legal security is not yet established, and even were it assured, it would be necessary to secure special guaranties for each individual enterprise. Imports of foreign goods can continue so long as the Soviet government can pay for them in gold or in barter. But goods for export must wait upon a general revival of production at home. Even scrap iron and junk are scarce. Consequently foreign trade, whether a state monopoly or not, is predestined to be, for a long time to come, mere peddlers' traffic. There are no transactions upon which to base a banking system. Such a system can be erected only slowly.

The Soviet government, for theoretical reasons, proposes to retain control of foreign trade. We may judge that as we will. However, there are strong arguments in favor of such a proposal. Men often tell you here: 'We learned a lesson from the experiences of Germany. We are not going to let luxuries into this country. We are not going to leave our foreign exchange to the mercy of speculators.' That is good sense on Russia's part under present conditions. The only question is whether the government will be able to revive foreign commerce with its cumbersome machinery. The bureaucrats may paralyze any system.

Efforts to exclude Russian money from world transactions can hardly succeed permanently. It is easy to understand why that should be desired. Soviet rubles will, if left to themselves, always be a disturbing element in the international money market. Since Russia has nothing to ship abroad, its cheap money does not

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constitute an export premium, as it does in Germany and Austria. It is prohibited to have foreign money or to trade in foreign money within the country. That is a monopoly reserved for the government. The authorities are wise in keeping control of the exchange situation in this manner, else they would suffer from abrupt and violent fluctuations in currency values and prices. Before the embargo on private dealings in currency is lifted the fiscal policy of the government must be revised. One example may show what I mean. Recently notes for one hundred thousand rubles began to be issued. We are told that even larger denominations are in prospect. When a pound of butter costs forty thousand rubles, and a morning roll five thousand, bills for one hundred thousand rubles are a convenient denomination. Moreover, the Soviet authorities keep all their frontier accounts in gold rubles, reckoned in their relation with the dollar.

Concessions to foreign capitalists are the cornerstone of the reconstruction programme. That seems to be the only method by which Russia can collect against its natural resources, and make its large industrial enterprises again productive. The details of this concession policy are not yet fully clarified. An important feature is that accounting is to be made in foreign currency. However, the concession policy has not gone far enough yet to enable us to form an opinion of its ultimate outlines.

Labor continues to be a prime factor in reconstruction. Serious obstacles will present themselves to the employment of foreign workmen. The whole question is too complicated for discussion here. I may mention that the initial difficulty will be to come to an agreement with the labor organizations regarding their terms of work. Another problem will be to feed the employees.

We should also bear in mind that the explosive power of revolutionary ideals in Russia proved more violent than the men at the head of the revolution believed either necessary or desirable. As early as the spring of 1918, Lenin felt called upon to write a pamphlet opposing the excessive radicalism of many of his followers. He urged that state capitalism would represent a forward step in the Russia of to-day. I cannot go further into the subject here. For practical purposes we are interested only in the application of this ideal.

Soviet Russia has inscribed a new economic policy on its Red banner. Although this policy is still violently debated in the Communist Party its positive outlines are already visible. A few days ago Lenin emphasized, in his address to the Congress for Public Enlightenment, that this new economic programme was a vital necessity for the party. Trotzky, who is regarded — though falsely — as an opponent of Lenin's reform, did not question this necessity at the Congress. His main concern was to prevent the Communists, who form the backbone of the Red army, from leaving their military vocations for civil callings, which have a powerful attraction for them, since greater freedom of action has been granted in such pursuits. The leaders acknowledge that the present reforms are due to the scarcity of food and the agitation of the peasants. The argument that both crops and crop areas continued to decline under the old system is irrefragable. Clearly there was no remedy but to encourage the peasants to produce more by the stimulus of self interest. Consequently, a tax in kind has been substituted for the old compulsory grain levies. This reform, inaugurated by a decree promulgated on the twenty-first of last March, is the cornerstone

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of the new economic policy. Simultaneously the quantity of grain demanded of the peasants was materially reduced. In 1920, 423 million poods was supposed to be obtained by compulsory levy; the quantity called for in the tax estimate of 1921 was only 240 million poods. Perhaps real collections the previous year did not exceed the latter figure. The amount of the tax which each family must pay is apportioned to the number of mouths which the family must feed and to the quantity of arable land in its possession. A schedule of relative values has been established which permits the peasant to pay beans, buckwheat, rye, or other grains at discretion. The actual administration of the law is left in the hands of village committees, or soviets, under the supervision of the superior authorities.

One naturally asks why the tax was not levied in money; especially since a national bank has just been founded for the express purpose of restoring trade to its old money basis. The government no longer provides railway travel and postal services free. However, there were practical reasons for collecting the tax in kind. This simplifies matters for the peasants. It tends to lighten the load upon the transportation system. Furthermore, it is in accord with the Communist idea of direct barter of goods for goods, which it is not expedient to offend.

The scheme is to exchange agricultural produce for manufactures, and machinery has been set up for this purpose. It is proposed to utilize the coöperative societies as much as possible. In general the whole system exhibits an effort to decentralize the economic administration.

Turning now to manufacturing, the nationalization of factories and works remains in force. The government continues to be the owner. But it leases its establishments to private persons under terms which vary in different industries. Usually the contractor engages to deliver a certain portion of his product to the state. He is granted subsidies by the government to enable him to carry on his business, and is permitted to associate with himself other private individuals. The agreements regulate a great detail of delivery of raw materials by the government. The contractor is free to dispose of his finished product as he likes. There are special regulations governing household industries. Naturally the contracts contain provisions for the protection of workers, the character of which has much to do with the success or failure of the enterprise. Generally the employer is obligated to provide food for his workmen. In fact the contractor's relations with his employees are likely to cause him more difficulty than his relations with the government.

This completes in outline our sketch of present and prospective business organization in Russia. The present scheme hangs in the air between Communism and free private enterprise. Men will watch with interest its effect upon production. I cannot avoid the impression that it is merely a transitional scheme. The whole system, both in relation to the farmers and to manufacturers, suffers the disadvantage of being extremely bureaucratic. This fault will hardly be remedied by using the coöperative societies. It is reasonable to predict that the tax in kind will eventually disappear in favor of a money tax. How long it will take to accomplish this it is impossible to say. In fact money taxes are already being collected from retail trade.

So far these reforms are in their initial and experimental stage. But there has already been a decided improvement in the food supply. We

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must bear in mind in this connection that prices have risen. Free commerce is now permitted in all necessities of life, including clothing. But a revival of retail trade depends upon a revival of foreign trade, which is still monopolized by the government. There can be no great improvement, moreover, until transportation conditions are better. The railways must be restored to something like normal before a real revival can take place. Consequently, the new economic policy is still largely on paper.

None the less, one can see unmistakable signs that Russia has got past its dead centre. The principle of private enterprise is again recognized. There is a vast welling-up of effort on every side. Great hopes are placed on the new organization of the factories in so-called vertical trusts, so that one establishment will supply raw materials, or half-manufactured materials for its associates. Less thought is being given to distribution and more to production. By the virtue of necessity many Communist ideas have been jettisoned. To be sure the Communists still imagine that they are merely detouring toward their old ideals. But when we see the vigor with which Lenin is now combating 'pure theory,' we feel a conviction that the detour leads to an entirely different destination.

THE LAST CANNON BALLS

BY ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER

From *L'Indépendance Belge, October 7*
(LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

'AND you were saying then, Marquis?'

'I was saying, Messieurs, that in my opinion this is the plan we are going to follow. We shall embark at Dover tomorrow. Puisaye and his men will set sail at Plymouth the same day. The two fleets, reunited, will master the Channel, and sweep it clean. They will force the entry of the harbor at Brest. We shall take possession of the rebel ships. The city taken, we confiscate the goods of the guilty rebels!'

'Bravo! And then?'

'A proclamation is issued in the name of the King. All Brittany submits. How could anybody expect to hold it with a few bandits in uniform? In a week we are the masters and our outposts will have reached the Vendée.'

'Vendée is asleep, but it is n't dead.'

'Well said, my dear d'Allagre. Then, having taken for ourselves the western part of the realm, with an army of 50,000 men we shall march on Paris.'

'Oh,' said the Baron de Rillière, 'is n't that daring?'

'A mistake, *cher monsieur*. A mistake. A terrified peasant is the prey of tyrants. He has recognized his folly and wants quiet. While he is waiting for it, he will be only too glad to serve under our flags to avoid dying of hunger.'

'In fifteen days,' put in the Count of Saint-Valmont impetuously, 'we shall be 100,000. We shall be thanking our

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good allies, and after a battle in front of Paris — perhaps without a battle — we shall enter the capital. We shall purge it of the monsters who corrupt it, and France is ours.'

'*Vive Dieu!*' cried Baudoin. 'That will be a fine campaign.'

'Our poor Paris! How are we going to take it?'

'Bah!' cried d'Arlinval. 'Paris will always be Paris.'

'Ah, *vicomte,* are you thinking of that? All the nymphs of the opera will be ours. The jolly evenings! The suppers!'

'Do you think that Derval is still alive?'

'If she is n't there, we'll find plenty of others. Don't be afraid. There will never be any lack of wine or girls or gambling in Paris!'

'Or hairdressers, either,' grumbled Morlaye. 'These confounded Englishmen don't even know what a properly dressed head is like.'

The white-haired peasant, Kermadric, dreamed aloud: 'I shall see the Church of Notre-Dame and the shrine of Sainte-Geneviève.'

'Long live the sans-culottes, messieurs! We'll let them know, in love or war, an aristocrat is worth ten of those patriots.'

Thus it was one evening in June of 1795 that the conversation ran in a smoky hall of the Mutton Head Inn, London. An instant later a man entered. He sat down in a dark corner, without a sound, and listened gravely to the talk. His visage, scarred with sword cuts, hard, almost savage, of singular vigor, was that of a peasant. From his features and his build he seemed a young man, but his head was as white as the royal standard of the Bourbons.

D'Arlinval saw him and cried out: '*Tiens!* Here is brave Michel Bauchy, the hero of the Bocage.'

They crowded around him shaking his hand, for he was one of the giants in the war of La Vendée. The son of a peasant, then the clerk of a justice, he had become the leader of a Catholic band. He had been the terror of the Blues; and he received the officers' compliments with dignity.

'*Eh bien! mon brave,*' asked Saint-Valmont, 'with whom are you sailing to-morrow?'

The man finished lighting his pipe and then he said: —

'I am not sailing at all.'

There was a murmur of astonishment, followed by disapproving silence which Morlaye broke: —

'Perhaps you have another mission. I understand. No doubt you are charged with raising the people in La Vendée?'

But the man said: —

'I am not fighting any more.'

The astonishment increased.

'Excuse us,' said d'Arlinval. 'We can't understand you. You 're mocking us. What, the hero of Toron and Cholet! What reason could be strong enough — '

The man took his pipe out of his mouth: —

'I am afraid.'

Every man in the room was stupefied with astonishment. Every one knew that this man was a hero. Then the youngest began to sneer. But he gave them a glance, heavy as an axe, that cut short their laughter.

'Listen!' said the Marquis d'Orval. 'We know your bravery, but explain your words. Some men's souls might be troubled by them.'

'If I were to talk, there would only be more trouble, and besides, I can't tell the story.'

The ironic whispers broke out afresh. The Count d'Allagre went toward Bauchy.

'In the name of the King, speak, my friend. It is I who ask it.'

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The man stopped smoking.

'*Monsieur le Comte*,' said he, 'my family owes you much. Since you want me to talk, I will.'

He emptied his pipe and put it in his pocket. Sitting with his hands crossed on the table before him and his eyes looking into empty space, he began amid perfect silence, in a voice low and dull as a knell.

'It happened on the fourteenth of May last year. I was on board the Devastator, an English ship of the line with eighty guns, under the command of Commodore Sir John Palton. With us were two frigates, the Sweet Lady and the Albion, the corvette Squale, and the cutter King Henry. Driven down to the sea by the Blues after the defeat of d'Armaille, the English ships had picked us up, me and what remained of my men. Now the fleet was crossing about four leagues from the coast between Brest and Lorient. It was known that a Republican vessel, the Carmagnole, was making for Brest and we were trying to capture her. On board her was Barcus, a member of the Convention, who had set up a guillotine on his ship. He had left Nantes on the ninth, with 477 men and 19 prisoners, among them my brother, Jean-Mathieu, wounded in the attack on Segré.

'On the morning of the fourteenth a sail was signaled. It was the Carmagnole, and we gave chase. Our ships were well handled and she was driven toward the shoals of the Glenans. The leading ships, the Sweet Lady and the Albion, supported by the Squale, opened fire, but the enemy was well equipped with good artillery and replied vigorously. The wind fell. This kept up for about three hours during which we could not get into action. Then suddenly, moved by the current of the ebbing tide, the Carmagnole began to move, getting in position to rake the becalmed frigates. As she passed the King Henry, she fired a broadside which put her out of action. And then it was our turn to get into the dance.

'The issue of the fight was not at all doubtful. The Republicans had two masts shot away, half their tackle gone, and at least twenty pieces dismounted. There was an hour's cannonade, with heavy losses for us; but then the enemy's fire slackened, and we knew the cause. The fragments of the projectiles that had fallen on board were gathered up. They were pieces of scrap iron, sheets of lead torn from the ship itself, and stones. If the enemy still had powder, they certainly had exhausted their supply of balls. A light evening breeze sprang up. The commander had all sails set to profit by it and to open fire at close range upon the Republicans, whose reply grew fainter and fainter. In two hours at most, it would be finished.

'At that moment we saw a horrible thing. The bridge of the Carmagnole was as bare as heath. Only one thing stood there: a little structure of planks — the guillotine. Time after time our best cannoneers had aimed at it, but their projectiles went wide, as if a hand had turned them away; and suddenly those who had good eyes saw that the enemy were taking up bound men to that guillotine. There were nineteen of them.

'I understood. Before he died, the regicide wanted to kill his prisoners. Invulnerable as his horrible machine itself, he regarded the little column impassively. I dashed to the commander. I told him that my brother was over there. I prayed him to get closer and to board her; but he replied coldly that his duty was to save the lives of his own men, and that the enemy would be destroyed by cannon fire before night. In any event, the wind was too weak.

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I was all but insane. I cursed him. He had me taken away. With staring eyes I saw nineteen heads fall, and one of them was that of my brother, Jean-Mathieu.

'The sun sank and the vessel's lights began to show. There were no lights on board the vessel of the Republic, and the cannonade, after slackening, had ceased. Very slowly we advanced. The Carmagnole with her sides gaping open seemed like a body ready to sink. There was no movement — as if all the crew were already dead or exhausted. And then suddenly, when we were not 300 fathoms away, the mouths of the Republican cannon burst into flames and a roll of thunder passed over our heads. A gunner fell at my side and the master gunner grumbled in English: "The hellish rogues, they have been saving their fire for the finish!" He bent over his gun to reply. It was impossible to draw back. We glided always forward over a sea that was calm as a lake with the slow pace of a funeral.

'Mechanically I looked at the man who had been killed next me. His breast was smashed to bits. But curiously enough his body was not cut in two as usually happens to men who are struck in the middle of the body by a projectile at that distance. You might have thought that the projectile had broken itself against him instead of tearing him to pieces. The third gun of the battery had also been struck. It had not been dismounted, only the gun carriage was covered over with a curious kind of mud. Everything around was scattered with blood like a wound. Evidently the enemy had no more balls and they were loading their guns with improvised projectiles, not very hard, which burst as they struck. This savage resistance disturbed me. I asked myself what it could be that they were firing.'

The story-teller paused, looking back on his memories. Then he began in a low voice: —

'Night fell and the flashes from our cannon lighted up the black hull of the Carmagnole, still floating. A new flash and the charge struck near us. A cannon ball — or rather something that was not a cannon ball — passed near me, so close that the wind almost threw me over. There was not the well-known whistling of a mass of iron or lead. This whistling had a hissing sound, like something that was not very hard, something that had a fringe.

'I was right, then. They were not firing cannon balls. But what were they firing? The forecast was struck, cracked, swayed, I think, but did not break. A lieutenant with a lantern in his hand ran up. A moment later I saw him go back, his face pale as death and his teeth chattering. I ran to the mast which he had inspected. It was covered with a kind of sticky mud in which black, white, and red things appeared. The bridge was covered with viscous matter. I shuddered though I did not know why. I saw the contracted faces of some sailors. Grim astonishment ran through the whole ship.

'A third burst of fire whistled through the air more formidably, as if the enemy grew more furious as we approached; and, no doubt because it was driven by too weak a charge of powder, one of these balls fell in a tangle of rigging on the bridge where, instead of breaking, it rolled almost to my feet in the shadows. I ran to it. Now I would know.'

Michel Bauchy wiped his forehead where drops of sweat stood out like pearls. He began again: —

'The thing was moist in some places and hard in others, not very heavy, humid, of unequal form, and not perfectly round. There was a thin sort of pulp over it. Underneath it was soft to the touch in some places and rough in others. It really had queer cavities —

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you might have said — a horrible idea struck me. Oh, Holy Virgin! It was not possible, it was — I ran up to the lantern of a gunner and then I saw, blackened by powder, crushed, and disfigured, that I was holding a head and it was the head of my brother, Jean-Mathieu.'

A shudder of horror passed over the listeners.

'Then in terror I began to scream: "Heads! Heads!" They understood. Delirious terror fell upon us. Cold, as if frozen, drops of terror had fallen from above into our brains, choked our throats, so that they could not cry. There were groans, cries, little shrieks like a sick child or an animal, which sees death just ahead. Heads — these were the last cannon balls of the Republicans. Not those of the guillotine only — there were too few of them — but those of their own dead and, without doubt, those of their wounded.

'At fifty fathoms another volley of heads was fired at us. At thirty fathoms still another. The master gunner fell, his skull crushed into a horrible mass. A blond head slew the second mate. Brown ones and gray ones fell. They came screaming, with their dead mouths, the formidable voice of the cannon. And our own hair stood on end as we felt their dead kisses pass in the air and their anger from beyond the grave. The fearful songs of the damned, the sneers of defiance, shrieks, and menaces, these bits of bodies, killed themselves and yet still killing us, screamed as they passed.

'Look you, it was horrible. It was too much. A head burst against the gun carriage where I stood. The teeth flew into my shoulder, and I saw great bits of gray moustache fast to the cannon. The bridge was like a charnel-house, with a mass of blood, of skeleton, of shattered bone, of innumerable things of horror! There were teeth that still would bite; mouths that seemed to laugh; and hideous eyes which had the air of staring. Oh, that night! that night! And yet that was not all.

'The breeze sprang up. Now was the time for boarding them. Now was the time for a hand-to-hand fight. Now we could make out close at hand, the enemy vessel and the guillotine standing on its deck.

'Twenty fathom, ten fathom. The grappling irons were ready. Men armed with axes, pikes, cutlasses, gathered themselves together to spring on board. And in the silence, a burst of anguish tore us as if we were going to fight with creatures of a nightmare, with those spectres which seize you by the throat and strangle you, with creatures that were not human. The ships were almost touching. In silence the jaws of the cannon pointed at us.

'With our feet on the gunwale, a huge Irishman and I were ready to leap, when suddenly my neighbor began to stammer and to point. There in front of us on the other bridge behind a cannon with a lighted match in his hand, I saw something arise.'

Michel Bauchy heaved a sigh.

'It was a body. It had arms and it had legs, and it wore the uniform of a delegate to the Convention, and, for all that, it was not a man because — you understand me — on its shoulders it bore nothing at all, and yet its hand brought the match nearer and nearer to the cannon, which, bursting into flame, crushed the head of the Irishman.'

'Horrible,' cried Saint-Valmont. 'You were mad. It was an hallucination.'

'No doubt,' said Bauchy, 'that was what I believed and that was what kept me from going crazy on the spot. And yet I was not mad. We leaped upon the Carmagnole with cutlasses ready, and brandished axes and pikes. A silence as if we had entered a sepulchre received us. No living being raised

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himself against us, but in the gloom of the lanterns you saw heaped up on the bridge stiff ranks of headless bodies. We counted them. There were 496; 477 and 19 more. So you see that it was the dead men who fired their heads at us; and when we were sure of that, mad terror seized us.

'With an outcry as if we were a stampeded herd of cattle, we hurled ourselves from that charnel ship, we cut the ropes, we loosed the grappling irons. It was too much. Carried by the night wind, the Devastator fled with all sails set.

'Only in the morning when the sun rose did we look about. Our ship had a curious crew. Some walked the deck in terror, chattering incoherent words, and the hair of others was white as mine. Not a soul on board but was an old man or a lunatic. From that night, do you understand, I have been afraid, I have been afraid!'

A few days afterward, the men who heard Michel Bauchy's story disembarked on the soil of France at Quiberon, and the bones of every one sleep there still.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF RUSSIAN RECONSTRUCTION

From *La Revue Bleue, November 5*
(Nationalist Literary and Political Bi-Monthly)

On the day when Tsarism fell in Russia, the orthodox church which had been its political tool also succumbed; for the Bolsheviki attacked the representatives of an official religion who had always shown themselves supporters of the hated Romanov régime, while the peasants — whose religion had always been external and largely figurative rather than a reasoned belief, profoundly rooted in their souls — saw no need of coming to their aid. The peasants had, moreover, for a long time been alienated from the clergy, who were often ignorant and brutal officials rather than true priests.

The Bolshevist promises fascinated a populace which had only vague mystic aspirations without any true acquaintance with religion. The moral disorganization wrought by Communism found its way so rapidly through all classes that the Russian people today are no more than an inchoate mass, vibrating between a gross materialism and a hazy longing after something of the divine.

Now that the Soviets, forced by relentless material need, have come to the point of opening business relations with some of the Great Powers, it will be interesting to see whether there may not exist in Russia means of appealing not merely to physical appetites, but to souls and consciences as well. Surely religious influences might be extremely efficacious when exercised over ignorant and weary men. If properly managed, they might produce a highly beneficent effect everywhere and might create anew ideas of morality and order which have been overshadowed during the anarchy and revolution of recent years.

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The first course that suggests itself for the rapid reconstruction of a moral order among these innumerable, yet abandoned peoples, is an attempt to set up again the old church that has broken down. Will it be possible to elevate anew the orthodox church upon its own ruins? That is by no means certain, for the church is too intimately linked with the Tsar's régime to be able to draw to itself all the elements which were alienated by the revolutionary spirit. Evidently it would be still less possible to aspire to the conversion of the innumerable sects that had already withdrawn from the orthodox church at the time when it enjoyed all the official power of the Holy Synod.

The millions of Old Believers who, because of the persecution of which they were the object, had become deeply attached to their belief, will always be mindful of the past, and consequently hostile to any reunion with the religion of the Tsars. The idea of reliance upon them, because of their convictions, in order thereby to bring about a moral readjustment of Russia, may then suggest itself; but here one encounters an almost insurmountable difficulty in the lack of priests. Yet this obstacle is almost as great in the official church, whose clergy never possessed any but the most rudimentary religious instruction and have become still less enlightened during the events of the last few years.

In either of these cases, it is almost impossible to develop in a short period a learned, conscientious, and zealous clergy with a morale rendering it respectable. Proselyting would encounter all the hatreds engendered in Russian hearts by centuries of abuse and oppression. It seems, then, a matter of great difficulty to build up again the former state of affairs in Russian religion. A more practical solution — at least in appearance — lies in the attempt to infuse into this huge agonized organism a new religious zeal, capable of replacing that which it is no longer able to create for itself. It is natural to seek this energy in Catholicism.

Catholicism offers two avenues of moral regeneration: the Uniat Church and the Roman Church. Through the Uniat faith it would be easy at this time of confusion to touch an ignorant human mass, hostile to the old official religion and yet clinging, in spite of everything, to its religious aspirations. It would seem indeed that because of the analogy of the external rites with those of the orthodox church and the opportunity for non-observance of celibacy permitted its priests, that the Uniat church might offer swift and easy approach to a great number of Russian souls.

This is the view set forth with especial ardor by the Uniat bishop of Lemberg, Monsignor Szepticki. Although he comes of an old Polish Catholic family, Monsignor Szepticki, in the hope of reducing the religious hostility between the Ruthenians, Poles, and Eastern Galicians and of ultimately smoothing the way for a return of the orthodox into the Roman fold, exerted himself long since, even before his elevation to the Episcopal throne, to bring about a religious rapprochement between the peoples who were seriously at odds with one another. With this purpose he undertook to give a higher moral and intellectual standing to the Uniat clergy by introducing among them priests of Catholic culture. He made appeal to members of the Redemptorist and Lazarist orders and brought them into contact with the Uniat rite in a monastery of St. Basil at Lemberg. His efforts, thwarted in their purpose by political and national considerations, have not hitherto yielded the results for which he sought, in spite of the interest that the papacy took in his work.

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M. Szepticki is now redoubling his efforts to give greater scope to the movement for Uniat propaganda; but his attitude is, nevertheless, strongly opposed by many; for if we may judge by past experience, especially in the Ukraine, it is to be feared that the conversions to Uniatism have been made *en masse* without any deep, individual feeling and will have no great stability. Although by such means one may make speedy approach to many souls, it is by no means certain that the impression thus made is sufficiently profound to create a lasting conversion and a definite moral revival.

Still another way is open to the reestablishment of the Christian faith in Russia, that which is advocated by Monsignor de Ropp, Archbishop of Mohilev, the Metropolitan of all Russia. The present chaotic religious condition of the land of the Soviets he thinks highly favorable for procuring numerous direct conversions to Roman Catholicism. He believes that what is left of the intellectual élite would be quite ready to accept the Latin rite in all its rigor; but as a means of transition, he regards it as advantageous that, for a certain time and with the Pope's consent, Russian bishops and clergy should be authorized to celebrate mass in the Greek as well as in the Latin rite. In order not to clash with the religious habits of the greater part of the faithful, the question of the celibacy of priests must also be treated, for the moment, with the greatest tolerance. The purpose of such liberalism adapted to the customs of the people would be to lead them to understand that the matter of external rites is not fundamental to religion but merely accessory. Thus, individual conversions, based on reflection, sincere and stable, would be obtained, more slowly, no doubt, but in a more enduring way.

The ingenious expedient of setting up a bi-ritual clergy would have the further advantage of avoiding patriotic obstacles, since there is no doubt that many Russians would oppose the spread of the Roman religion. The Catholic priest hitherto has almost always been a Pole, that is to say, a stranger, and often regarded as an enemy. The bi-ritual priest would not appear so close to the Pope and he would not so shock the national susceptibilities. Furthermore, it is fair to set down to the advantage of the Roman idea that, quite independently of the Catholic priests whom the Russian clergy already includes, the Slavic nationalities of the Latin rite, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, would constitute a reservoir from which apostles might be drawn who were not merely firmly convinced and zealous, but who also possessed the distinct advantage of being thoroughly familiar with Russian language and customs.

Clearly, the moment seems to have come for us to concern ourselves with the spiritual as well as the material reconstruction of Russia. This reconstruction can be greatly facilitated by a methodical and consistent religious policy. Whether one accepts the thesis of the Uniat Bishop of Lemberg or whether one prefers the proposal of the Roman Bishop of Mohilev, it is certain that the Christian culture of the East may actually assume in Russia the place left vacant by the overthrow of Greek orthodoxy. In France we have no right to ignore the possibility of introducing in this way a moral neutrality with our old ally.

Still less have we the right to ignore the fact that here as everywhere, we encounter German intrigue. Our enemy has long understood all the advantage that may be derived from the present situation in Russia. He seems to have turned his attention more especially to

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the Uniat solution, no doubt hoping that in this way he may open more readily a way for the *Drang nach Osten* across Eastern Galicia, an oil land, and to the Ukraine, a wheat land. But it must not be forgotten that, especially in the Volga basin, he has some thousand of German colonies of Roman Catholics, undoubtedly ready to strive for the greater success of the *Deutschtum* in Russia, which would lead him to seek his share of influence in the second solution of the Russian religious problem, also. In the presence of this danger we must not be lax, and we must be mindful of the resources offered by our Allies, especially in Poland which is, whether we wish it or not, the keystone. It is there that the Uniat movement is developing and it is thanks to it that Roman Catholicism already has a number of churches in Russia and will be able to build new ones. Side by side with our Polish friends, with whom in this respect we have so many bonds, we find also the representatives of nationalities which in great measure owe their existence to France — the Czechoslovaks, Slovenes, and Croats. We thus possess the good-will of a number of peoples and powers, which need only coördination in order to succeed in their great mission of moral development. The rôle of peaceful and disinterested guidance is too thoroughly in accord with the traditions of our country not to be understood, adopted, and retained in this case.

R. L. S. AND AN ISLAND

BY GEORGE LISLE

From the *Cornhill Magazine, December*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

We set off by way of Newhaven and the sea beach; at first through pleasant country roads, and afterwards along a succession of bays of fairylike prettiness, to our destination — Cramond on the Almond — a little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea. It is miniature scenery, but charming of its kind. — ST. IVES, Chapter xxx.

THESE delightful and appropriate words were dictated by Robert Louis Stevenson six weeks before his death. They could have been only uttered by one who had loved Cramond and its surroundings in his youth, and they recall to me the earnest expression of his face and the warm love in his voice as he expressed the same ideas to me long ago. What a genius Stevenson had when, after long years of absence from these scenes, he could so accurately visualize this district of country which had charmed him 'when all was young and fair.'

Cramond Island, or, as it was affectionately called by those who inhabited it during the summer months, once upon a time, the 'Isle of Cramond,' lies in the Firth of Forth about three quarters of a mile from the village of Cramond, which the Romans had held

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as an outpost at the termination of one of their many roads in Scotland. It is now within the boundary of Edinburgh. Dalmeny House is opposite, and the ruins of Barnbougle Castle, which, even before the Castle was restored, formed a very distinctive feature in the landscape as seen from the Island toward the west, where now stands the overshadowing Forth Bridge. The legend goes that Lord Rosebery, as a boy, had often been asked to whom the island belonged, and as it forms such a conspicuous feature from Dalmeny House he determined to acquire it; so he, shortly after he came of age, purchased it for £2000. The rental of the place is only about £30, so that the return to his lordship, after allowing for landlord's taxes, would not be more than about 1 per cent. About half a century ago the tenant was a poet from the Borders named Reid, who had published a volume of fairly good poems. He, however, let part of the houses which occupy the centre of the island to summer lodgers; and for people staying in Edinburgh, no finer holiday resort could have been found, especially for children. The date of which I am writing must have been after 1875, because I find that the copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, hereafter referred to, was presented as a prize that year in Mr. Henderson's School, a famous preparatory school in Edinburgh at that time.

At the top of the island there are the remains of a cairn which was, no doubt, built by the Picts or other aborigines and improved by the Romans, but of which very little now remains. Near this there was a favorite outlook tower, and one lovely afternoon of brilliant sunshine and strong west wind two canoes were seen by many anxious eyes from this vantage ground, struggling up the Forth from Granton in the teeth of the wind. There was a very good telescope on the island, and this was at once brought to bear on the canoes, which certainly seemed to be in difficulties. The sea was washing over the tiny craft, but the occupants were very persevering, and instead of running before the wind for Granton Harbor, seemed determined to come to the island for shelter, although they were evidently getting exhausted. At one time they appeared to be in such distress that two flags were run up the flag-staff on the cairn to let the boatman at Cramond know that he was urgently required. Soon, however, it was seen that the canoeists were in calm water, and the S.O.S. signal was withdrawn. The whole available population of the island were not long in running down to the rocky southeast shore of the island to give the shipwrecked mariners a welcome.

The first canoe to land was occupied by a lanky, cadaverous, black-haired, black-eyed man, apparently six feet in height but very slim, in a velveteen coat. His canoe was built of mahogany, with a deck of either cedar or mahogany; the other was a canvas canoe of a somewhat nondescript appearance; had it got upon the rocks it would not have lasted long. As I was the biggest of the lot of wreckers who had come to welcome them, the canoeists asked me if I would help them up with their canoes above high-water mark, as they had had enough sailing for one day and were badly in need of a rest. I was delighted at the job, and as I was accustomed to climb among the rocks and over slippery seaweed, and did not mind getting myself wet, it was not long before the two canoes were safely above high-water mark. He of the canvas canoe immediately lay down to rest in the sunshine, but the other before doing so thanked me in the nicest way possible for my stalwart assistance, and presented me with a shilling, which I, of course, with some diffidence and much

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internal joy accepted. The canoeists rested for some time, but were not long before they completely recovered from their exhaustion, and then he of the wooden canoe proved to be a wonderful talker, a very easy 'speirer,' and sometimes a very difficult one to answer. Among other questions he asked of the half-dozen of us, who were all about the age of twelve —

'What other savages live upon the island?'

I felt somewhat nettled at being called a savage, and replied: —

'You must have forgotten your *Robinson Crusoe* or you would know that it was the savages who came to the island in canoes. There were no savages till you came.'

Both voyagers laughed heartily, and he of the canvas canoe said to the other:

'You're fairly caught this time, Louis!'

In thinking over the matter I rather imagine that it was after this remark that I got my famous shilling and not before it. However, they insisted upon seeing the text of *Robinson Crusoe*, where the two canoes and the savages are mentioned. I was too keen in examining their own boats, as I had never seen such things before, to go up to the house to get my *Robinson Crusoe;* but Annie Reid — she of the long pigtail and blue eyes, always anxious to be the slave of anyone who would employ her — volunteered to go and fetch the book, which she did, and handed it over to the unbelieving savages. I thought the beautiful book, with its brightly colored frontispiece of Robinson Crusoe in a red cowl and blue jacket reading a huge Bible, and many other illustrations, both in color and in black and white, would impress the savages, but its effect upon them was far beyond my expectations. Stevenson gave a war-whoop like a genuine savage, and exclaimed: —

'O shades of Cocky Henderson and the companions of my palmy days! I too was at this school in the days of my misspent youth.' And then burst out with great gusto into song, —

> Here we suffer grief and pain
> Under Mr. Hendie's cane,
> If you don't obey his laws
> He will punish with his tawse.

This parody was current in the school in my time quite recently completed, and had evidently been in vogue in Stevenson's day at least fifteen years prior. In fact, Stevenson may have been the author of it. The awful doggerel may have been part of his merry muses — a preliminary canter to *A Child's Garden of Verses*. He talked much of 'Cocky' Henderson, as he irreverently was called by some of his pupils. We both agreed in our estimate of Henderson, which did not coincide with that of our parents. There were other poets at the school, but none ever gave Henderson the credit for their development in that direction.

Annie Reid, in addition to the magnificent copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, also brought back with her the Lady of the Island, who gave the canoeists a talking-to for endangering their lives, and at the same time invited them up to the house to get their clothing thoroughly dried and to have some food. As there was a fine Ayrshire cow on the island, a very sumptuous repast — fine fresh butter, scones, eggs, and plenty of creamy milk — was set before them, and we all enjoyed our afternoon. That was my first introduction to R. L. Stevenson, if such it could be called, and to his cousin, Balfour.

We gave them a hearty invitation to come again, and that year they often did come. Their headquarters were at Cramond, although that day they had come from Granton. Stevenson's canoe was a very large roomy one, well-built, and I used to sit on the deck portion

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behind him with my bare feet in the water, while he paddled; but he would often let me have the paddle. Although he must have been thirteen years older than I and appeared old to me, he seemed still to have a great deal of the boy in him. His cousin, Balfour, would take Tom Reid, who was somewhat younger than I was, and did not enjoy sailing so much as I did. Stevenson dubbed Tom 'Friday' and me 'Crusoe,' but would not allow either of us to go on the canoes very much until he saw that we both could swim. I think it was on that first occasion that I asked him to take me over to Mickery, but he said it was much too stormy; but some calm day he might take me, and eventually we did get to Mickery, but perhaps on too calm a day.

When Lord Rosebery bought Cramond Island (and, by the way, I may mention that, so far as I could ever ascertain, he has never put his foot on it, although his eye must often have lighted upon it), he built or caused to be built at the northwest point a heavy solid building which we always referred to as Lord Rosebery's duck-house, and which, we understood, was to be used for shooting wild ducks. It is quite close to the seal rock, and might have been used for shelter for shooting seals, as they used to come and bask upon this rock — hence its name. Once Stevenson told me that a friend of his, a fellow canoeist from England, had been touring in Scotland, and, being storm-stayed on the island, like himself and his cousin, had written a book of his travels in which he mentioned that he had been thus storm-stayed and had had to sleep in a duck-house, 'a place for keeping ducks,' and had slept very well all night. Next time Stevenson called at the Island he brought the book, as I had produced my *Robinson Crusoe*, to show definitely that his friend had made the mistake of thinking he had slept in a house for keeping ducks, when it really had the dignity of being a house for duck-shooting.

One day Stevenson gave me some letters to read which he had received from John MacGregor, who, he said, was the father of canoeing in this country. I now know that MacGregor was the son of General Sir Duncan MacGregor, and was born at Gravesend on January 24, 1825, and that a few weeks later he was the first to be handed out of the burning East Indiaman, the Kent. He was the author of a delightful book entitled *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*, published in 1866, and of many other splendid books on his voyages; copies of these eventually came into my possession. He gave the proceeds of his books and lectures (some £10,000) to philanthropic institutions, and it was he who suggested the founding of the London Shoeblacks' Brigade. He died in 1892. As I became so very keen about canoeing, Stevenson recommended me to write to him, and allowed me to have his address. On my writing to the famous and genial Rob Roy, I got a most cordial response from him. He sent me the plans of his famous 'Rob Roy' canoe, and I meant at one time to build one, but that project never matured. I rather think at that time Mr. MacGregor was President or held some official position in the Royal Life Boat Institution; at all events, he wrote me on the stationery of some famous institution with which he was connected.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon when Stevenson took me to Inchmickery. Sunday must have been the only day available, because we had both been brought up very strictly to reverence the Sabbath Day, and I have no doubt we justified the matter by putting it in as a work of necessity, as it was a necessity that the sea should be abso-

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lutely calm when we took such an adventurous voyage in a cockleshell of a boat. Inchmickery is fully a mile from Cramond Island, and in one of the deepest channels of the Firth of Forth, which perhaps from the slim deck of a canoe looked even deeper than it really was. Stevenson talked about every subject under the sun, but I remember he specially enlarged on Sunday observance, for I told him that a few Sundays before I had been nearly drowned, early in the morning, off the north side of Cramond Island, and that the orthodox vision of his whole life, which the drowning man sees, had not been vouchsafed to me; that what disturbed me was that there would be a paragraph in the papers about a Sabbath-breaker having met his just punishment. Stevenson laughed heartily at my disappointment in not having the whole of my uneventful life flash before me (for I thought I was drowning), and at my positive objection to being made an awful warning to all Sunday-school scholars. I also told him how my cousin and I had got so tired of the Shorter Catechism on Sundays that one Sunday we hid it. But it was of no avail, because my mother knew by heart and in their order, not only the Answers but the Questions. His comment on this was: —

'Boy, you have a mother!'

Inchmickery is not much more than a rock. At the time of our visit the grass, less than an acre in extent, would be about three or four feet long, but some years afterward a healthy lot of rabbits were transferred to it from Cramond Island, and for two years, at all events, the place simply swarmed with rabbits and the grass got short enough. We explored the whole place and paddled right round it and the adjacent Oxcar Rock and the Cow and Calves Islands, which were shining in all their beauty, and returned pretty well tired, but thoroughly pleased with our adventure. With paddling so fiercely, and not being accustomed to the exercise, my hands were severely blistered, but as that was the only punishment I received for my Sabbath-breaking I considered I had got off very lightly.

So far as I can remember, all my meetings with Stevenson on Cramond Island took place in one summer, but it is quite possible that they may have extended over two or three years. I certainly, and the other happy inhabitants of the Island during the holiday months, looked persistently and longingly for the two cheery savages in their canoes. Stevenson's wonderful personal influence was felt by all of us. A magazine was published on the Island once a week, or as often as the editor could find contributions, which may have owed its existence to him; and certainly a paper on Lighthouses, written for a Literary Society, was practically due to his inspiration. Some odd copies of this magazine are still extant, but unfortunately not of this period. It was entitled *From Out the Goblin's Cave*, and contained, not only prose of peculiar spelling, but poetry and illustrations, plain and colored.

My last interview with Stevenson in Edinburgh was somewhat curious and purely accidental, and happened many years after we had all left Cramond Island. I had to see a man on business in Charlotte Square, and was walking along George Street when I thought I saw my business acquaintance on the opposite side of the street. He, at the same time, caught sight of me, and we both walked toward each other and met in the middle of the street. He was wearing a velveteen coat, as the man I was going to visit certainly was in the habit of doing, but I saw at once that although he was not the man I thought he was, he was an old-time friend.

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'I really thought you were someone else,' I said to him. 'But I am delighted to find that you are one of the Cramond Island savages. How is Mr. Balfour?'

Stevenson shook me warmly by the hand, and said that he was very pleased to meet me again, and added: —

'I had no idea it was you. I also took you for someone else. Where is your man Friday? It seems it is neither of us and yet we are both here,' and he laughed very heartily. He asked in the kindest manner for all those whom he had met on Cramond Island, and we had quite a long talk in the middle of the roadway. He did not seem in very good health, and I remember he said, somewhat wistfully: —

'I have paddled a good long way since the Cramond Island days'; but he was not referring to his canoe.

I have read in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that Stevenson was only five feet ten in height, and that his eyes were dark hazel; but I am glad that to me he has always been, and always will be, over six feet in height and with black piercing eyes. It may have been only a passing glimpse I had of him, but it has remained with me. My only regret is that I never told him how I worshiped him for his early kindness to me. Stevenson was the big ship which passed me in the night as I sailed in the darkness in my cockle-shell of a canoe.

SONNET

BY WARREN DERRY

[*Spectator*]

I WILL not praise your beauty or your grace,
For words dishonor you. Helen was proud
When Paris praised her ruinous fair face,
And unto flattery Cleopatra bowed.
Words have been beautiful on many lips,
Moulded by passion to immortal phrase,
And words have been the poet's golden ships
That ransacked empires for a woman's praise.
Yet never sailed that singing argosy
Whose plunder of bright lands could bring you pride.
Paris could not praise you, nor Antony;
Worship had once their honeyed tongues defied.
Alone unto your beauty's height can reach
Pure thought that withers in the grasp of speech.

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A CLASSIC OF FEUDAL JAPAN

BY OSWALD WHITE

[*Mr. White is British Consul at Nagasaki. His article on the* Genji Monogatari *was one of the papers presented at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan, held at the British Embassy in Tokyo last October.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, November* 12
(Tokyo American Daily)

The *Genji Monogatari* is one of the classics of Japanese literature. It is ranked as a masterpiece by the Japanese themselves but it has not fared over-well at the hands of foreign critics. Chamberlain says, 'If the authoress of the *Genji Monogatari* . . . has been branded by Georges Bousquet as "cette ennuyeuse Scudery japonaise," she surely richly deserves it.' Satow agrees, 'The plot is devoid of interest; that is, it is only of interest as marking a stage in the development of the language.' On the other hand a very different opinion by Aston is quoted in the same passage. Aston's view of the work is a very high one. To do justice to it without quoting the whole is almost impossible and the reader may be referred to the chapter devoted to the subject in Aston's *Japanese Literature.*

Where authorities of such weight are to be found in opposing camps, the tyro may enroll himself under either flag without fear. I am prepared to subscribe unreservedly to Aston's views.

It must be confessed that a too prolonged reading of the *Genji Monogatari* is likely to produce a feeling of ennui, and though I have heard of Japanese students who have read it for days on end, the exercise is not one I should recommend or care to indulge in myself. I confess that, personally, I have not read more than a portion of it and have no hope, or even desire, of ever reading the whole. After all we are not compelled to read it from beginning to end, and it is a little unreasonable to make such a song about its length. As well might we print the whole of the works of Dickens or Thackeray in one volume and then complain it was too long. In a sense the *Genji Monogatari* is not one story but many; for it is possible to take separately at a time one or other of the books into which it is divided and read with interest and pleasure. I think I am right in saying the average Japanese reads only to the end of the book 'Akashi.'

The primary obstacle to enjoyment of the *Genji Monogatari* is its difficulty of understanding to the modern reader. Part of this difficulty arises naturally from the changes which have taken place in the Japanese language since the work was written in the eleventh century. Words have become obsolete or — a more insidious form of difficulty — have changed their meaning. The language used is courtly and honorifics abound. But these are difficulties which a little familiarity removes. The greater part of the *Genji Monogatari* can be turned into modern Japanese with surprisingly few changes, and the experiment has been tried more than once with success, notably by Yosa no Akiko.

The main difficulty of the *Genji Monogatari* goes deeper than this. The so-

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called impersonality of the Japanese is to be seen here at its extreme and is partly responsible. Alone this would be a serious stumbling-block.

But it is the subject itself that constitutes the real difficulty. The authoress delighted in subtle analysis of character. Not only so but her method is indirect. We are told not so much what her characters do but what they think, and inasmuch as her great subject is the perennial one of love between the sexes, it may readily be seen that the subject is likely to become very complex and one that demands some concentration on the part of the reader. What Benedict thinks of Beatrice is one thing and what she thinks of him another, but when we are told that Benedict's thoughts about Beatrice really arise out of a notion, generally distorted, of her feelings about him, and when we are introduced to the inevitable *tertium quid*, whose thoughts about Benedict and Beatrice create a disturbing element for both, it becomes difficult to see the trees for the woods; and when, as generally, the authoress presents the reader with the thoughts and leaves it to him to fit them to the proper subjects, the beginner is apt to tear his hair. Imagine *The Ring and the Book*, with all the pronouns omitted and most of the subjects of the verbs, and you will get an idea of the difficulty I am trying to describe.

Having said so much, I want to take most of it back. Allowing for the courtly turn of phrase, the language used is simple and direct. It is only because the subject is complex that the sentences are involved and, at the worst, it is the vehicle employed that is inadequate to carry the load of thought. Further, as is well known, the Japanese language substitutes for pronouns the use of honorifics, the presence or absence of which and the general hang of the sentence indicate more or less satisfactorily the subject. Accordingly, with a little patience, the first difficulties of understanding the *Genji Monogatari*, if they never wholly disappear, become appreciably lessened.

The *Genji Monogatari* was written by a woman. Her real name is not known to us but she appears in history as Murasaki no Shikibu. Murasaki (purple) is the name of a character in the story, the hero's second wife and, as far as one may judge, the ideal of a 'good woman' held by the authoress. It is possible enough that she was called by contemporaries after her favorite heroine. The second part of her name means 'Board of Rites' and may have been suggested by the circumstance that her father held office in that Department.

The authoress lived somewhere round the end of the 10th and the beginning of the 11th centuries. At that period the reins of power were held by the Fujiwara clan. Boy Emperors succeeded to the throne, took as consorts daughters of the Fujiwara family and abdicated while still young. Under this system authority resided nominally in the person of the Emperor but was exercised in reality by the Fujiwara representative under the title of Regent.

Divorced from all direct connection with practical affairs, the interests of the Court could not but be of a petty nature. Intellect that might occasionally have been more profitably employed was engaged on questions of etiquette. A caustic observer might be tempted to say that a lady would be more disgraced by inability to compose a neat reply in verse than by laxity in morals. The general atmosphere was effeminate. Dandies scented themselves and dressed elaborately; the men were surrounded by women servants who petted and spoiled them. So at least one may assume from the *Genji Monogatari*.

It was a period of great artistic accomplishment. Literature flourished

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though it was, as Aston has said, entirely that of *belles lettres*. In painting, a number of schools arose, that founded by Kose Kanaoka, embodying Chinese ideals, and the more native schools of Kasuga and Tosa. Architecture and sculpture have left us such buildings as the Phœnix Hall at Uji and many a temple image in and about Kyoto.

The creation and enjoyment of all this art and culture were confined to a very narrow circle of the élite. The upper classes regarded themselves as on a plane apart and a small radius round the capital contained all of the world that interested the courtier. When Genji's fortunes were at their lowest ebb he was banished to Suma and Akashi. One can scarcely resist a smile at the pathetic picture of the lonely exile eating his heart out at a point which for distance is no farther than, say, Oiso from Tokyo. But that the suffering was real enough cannot be doubted and the fact serves to emphasize the contrast between the refinements of the capital and the backward state of the country as a whole.

What is the subject of the *Genji Monogatari?* It purports to relate the life history of one whom nowadays I am afraid we should write down, briefly and plainly, a libertine. Hikaru Genji, the hero, is not a person we should care to introduce into our drawing-rooms. But times have changed since the book was written. Remember that it was composed nine hundred-odd years ago. Nor is Genji held up to us as a model of propriety. The treatment is perfectly clean and free from coarseness. There is no dwelling upon risky incidents, no treading on thin ice; and, if she could read it, the book might be placed in the hands of your youngest daughter who, by the way, would find it supremely dull and would close the book as wise as when she opened it.

Do not think that the object of the book is to chronicle the hero's conquests. They are only the background, a necessary background but one that never obtrudes. The aim of the authoress is to portray the interplay of character. One of the most celebrated passages in the book is what is known as the *shina-sadame* in the second volume. This is a discussion between a number of men friends of the respective merits of different types and classes of women, and the strong points and the failings of one and all from the masculine standpoint are remorselessly laid bare.

There is more than a suspicion that the authoress wrote this passage as a sort of précis of the whole work. Whether so or not, the interesting fact emerges, that most of the types referred to in this famous symposium are those of characters which appear afterward in the book, and it is allowable to suppose that the authoress began by noting down the different types of female character with which she was acquainted, and then set herself to work out how each would act when faced with the great business of life as it then appeared — her relations with the opposite sex.

A book was published a year or so ago entitled *Marriage as a Trade.* I think it is abundantly clear from the *Genji Monogatari* that, at that time at all events, the main duty of the woman was to purchase a home by the barter of her attractions. Such at least was the position at the Heian (Kyoto) Court, in the circles of which the authoress moved and the life of which was the only life she knew.

To put things thus is to put them brutally. It is not to be supposed that life resolved itself into a chase of the right man by the right woman, such as outlined in Shaw's *Man and Superman,* but, unless the woman was able to please the opposite sex by her looks or accomplishments, or even her rank, she was likely to be neglected.

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Relations between the sexes were freer than now, but restrictions there seem to have been. The woman was not supposed to have more than one husband or lover at a time though the man was not so bound. For him to cast his favors too broadly was, no doubt, a sin — but not a very serious one; something akin, shall we say, to that of failure to go to church on Sundays at a time when non-attendance was regarded more seriously than now.

Conditions were, in fact, in a state of transition. Society had not long emerged from the stage in which the woman is regarded as goods and chattels. She still remained a pawn in the game. Her duties to her lord and master were clear but there is little reference to her rights.

Society, then, had left behind the age in which the number of a man's wives was limited by the size of his purse. He could have only one wife — but he could, and did, maintain one or more secondary establishments (and subsequent critics have been kind enough to discover that his sole object was to provide offspring).

I have wandered from my subject, but it seemed necessary in order to explain the atmosphere in which the hero is supposed to have lived. In conclusion it may be well to outline an episode of the romance.

Among the ladies on whom Genji cast his favors was one who was the widow of a Crown Prince who had come to an untimely end. Fate had dealt unkindly with her. Had her husband lived, she would have been Empress. By his death she became a comparative nobody, and then once more fortune seemed to smile on her. Genji's wife, the Lady Aoi, died, and the world, which knows other people's affairs better than its own, said, 'Of course, he is bound to make her his wife,' and that is where the tragedy came in.

Genji had distributed his favors impartially. At that period of his career, when he had many rows of wild oats to sow, novelty attracted him strongly. One little lady appealed to him because of her humble surroundings, as it were a rose among thorns; another because she was as elusive as the *semi* (cicada) which escapes from its bondage as a pupa by casting its shell. Looking round for variety, he found one who, poor thing, had no attractions at all — and she appealed to his pity. And I am sorry to confess that he intrigued with one woman because she was old and yet retained the kittenish ways of her youth; and it seemed so comic to see this old thing carrying on like a maid of sixteen.

This was all part of the game as it was played in those days and one may assume that the average woman did not fret herself into a decline over Genji's fickleness. But here and there was one who persisted in taking things *au grand sérieux*, and the Princess Rokujo was one of them. Well enough for those in the heyday of youth who had life before them, but she was thirty and thirty in those days was not so young as it is now. Genji was eight years younger and she was proud and sensitive.

> In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be! Passions spin the plot.
> We are betrayed by what is false within!

The Princess had suffered at Genji's neglect, but the crowning blow came when he threatened to become enamored of his own wife, the Lady Aoi, who was to bear him a child. An unintended insult added fuel to the fire and she sat and brooded on her wrongs until she became half demented. Of what happened then, she herself was scarcely conscious; but her spirit took to tormenting the Lady Aoi (those were the days of demonic possession) and finally, when the latter had borne a son and heir to Genji, killed her.

Two people shared the guilty secret.

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Genji had learned it by hearing the voice of the Princess Rokujo. The Princess herself, in her intervals of lucidity, could only surmise what was happening in her mad fits from the odor of incense clinging to her. After the final tragedy the truth was borne in upon her by Genji's total neglect of her.

So she faced the fact that he had done with her and prepared to retire into obscurity. It happened that her daughter had been appointed to the important post of Saigu — 'a virgin priestess of the Blood who was sent to the Imperial shrine at Ise at the coronation of an Emperor, to stay until the death or abdication of the latter.' Though it was an unusual course, the Princess decided to accompany her daughter as a sign that she had renounced the world.

But as the day for her departure to Ise drew near, the heart of the Princess misgave her, and Genji, for his part, could not bear that she should think him heartless and unfeeling. He sent message after message, begging to see her once again — 'if it be but a formal meeting, with a screen between us' — and the Princess acceded. They met with a bamboo screen between them, and then parted forever. Our episode closes. Genji stands gazing toward Ise, musing, 'Oh, that the pass she has crossed at this parting, stood not between us forever.'

SOME CAUSES OF FASCISISM

BY RODOLFO MONDOLFO

[A book is about to be published in Italy upon Fascisism, written by prominent representatives of every political group in the country except the Communists, who refuse to participate in this enterprise. The following article is a summary of the Conservative Socialist contribution to this work.]

From *Critica Sociale, November* 16–30
(Milan Conservative Socialist Semi-Monthly)

In Italy our middle classes are historically distinguished by more pronounced and widely diffused idealism than are other classes.

They are recruited largely from persons who follow intellectual pursuits; who do not expect to accumulate great fortunes, and who are not, personally, parties to the conflict between employers and wage-earners. They sit on the side-lines, so to speak. They use educational attainments as their tools of trade, and the pleasures of the intellect lend interest to their daily tasks. Therefore they have a more unselfish attitude toward life than is common in other ranks of society. They are neither intoxicated with the wine of wealth, nor stupefied by the narcotic of want.

Educated traditions, heredity, and environment have maintained this state of mind among the middle classes in spite of all that has occurred to shake it. That explains why a great majority of them continue to be inspired mainly by a love of their present vocations and

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to follow them like a sacred mission, in spite of the privations and discouragements and scanty rewards which these now offer. As a rule teachers and professors remain loyal to their schools and to their labor of enlightenment. Magistrates and civic functionaries have maintained their high standard of industry and honor in spite of the temptations to which they have been exposed. Educated men in other careers have given equally laudable evidence of public spirit and civic conscience, even though their fellow citizens and the government showed little comprehension or appreciation of the economic hardships to which they have been exposed.

More than that, the middle classes have continued to supply, in practically the same proportion as before, new recruits from their own families for the careers which they themselves have followed.

When we consider their present disinterestedness, it is not surprising that the pioneers and earliest champions of social progress have come in nearly every instance from their ranks.

These classes furnished the first standard bearers of socialism; they were the first defenders and champions of the rights of the laboring man; they have given teachers, thinkers, and directors to the proletarian movement. Not only that, but before the war the same class supplied the most brilliant leaders of the Democratic and Radical parties; men who welcomed many of the ideals of the Socialists and sympathized with the aspirations of the workers. During the war itself a great majority of this class espoused with ardor the patriotic idealism of the day, feeling themselves the traditional guardians of the national renaissance of which they were the heirs. Here they discovered themselves in conflict with the neutral leanings of the working classes and the peasants; but they did not for that reason fall into controversy with the latter. Any man who was in personal touch with our university students and graduates, during the first weeks after they returned from the front, will remember with what sympathy and affection they spoke of the soldiers, who had been called to the colors to fight for a cause which they did not understand and appreciate, but for which they heroically sacrificed themselves in response to a sentiment of duty.

Most of these young men were enthusiastic prophets and advocates of a better social system. They sought social justice; they championed the rights of the proletariat, although the claims of the latter bordered on revolution. Had the Socialist party been wise enough to enlist their militant and generous support for its own programmes, it would have derived untold intellectual and moral strength from that source. But history decided otherwise.

A few warning voices were early raised in the Socialist ranks, urging that it was vitally necessary for the proletariat and Socialists to recognize the worth of the services of the middle classes, and to ally these classes with the movement of the workers. But an impetuous torrent of Bolshevist passion and delusion drowned those warning voices. Our working men came back from the war, their souls filled with bitterness and determined that their tremendous sacrifices should be rewarded adequately. In their hour of need, the governing classes had been prodigal of promises, which the proletariat took at their face value, and which they demanded should now be fulfilled. On their hearts were engraved those words of Lloyd George: 'The world, after the war, must be a new world. Labor must gather the fruits of its sacrifices. . . . After the war, labor should be bold in its demands.'

And they were bold; with a boldness

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strengthened by their belief that Russia had discovered the secret of success. Russia's example was copied, especially in its errors, which in the public mind were the very acme of its wisdom. Among these errors, for which Russia to-day is paying so dearly and which it is striving to correct, was a fatuous misapplication of the formula: 'He who does not work shall not eat.' This the laboring men of Italy interpreted as meaning only manual work. They rated all intellectual workers as idlers, and sought to make them take to the pick and shovel to justify their right to live.

Let our minds turn back a moment to those days when a physician, an engineer, a professor, a government clerk, could hardly walk along our streets without being accosted by some one with the admonition: 'Go to work.' Those were the days when we heard professional men, men of high education, who never in their lives had known an idle moment, discussing seriously the manual trade for which they would be best fitted if things came to the worst. All this was the brutal negation, the scornful rejection by the laboring classes of the social value of brain service; of a service the faith in which had given the middle classes confidence in themselves. Their own moral justification and the highest recompense which they received — for they have never been well paid in any other way in Italy — came from their belief that they were useful members of society.

Two other things went hand in hand with this iconoclastic destruction of middle-class spiritual canons at the hands of what seemed barbaric vandalism — two other things that aggravated the humiliation and intensified the resentment of our brain workers.

In the first place, the soldiers of the middle classes who came back from the war, expecting recognition and gratitude for the sacrifice which they had made at the call of their own conscience, found themselves blindly attacked in the prevalent demonstrations of hatred for the war. Their belief that they had fought a good fight, and their patriotic devotion to their country, which had been their inspiration during those years of hardship, were flouted.

In the second place, the economic standards of the middle classes and of the proletariat were suddenly reversed. The income of wage-earners was rising rapidly, while that of mental workers was actually declining. Wages were going up, hours of work were being shortened. We were in the midst of that 'wave of laziness,' which was the normal reaction after the tension of war. We saw on every hand that thirst for pleasure which naturally succeeded the long period of privation in the trenches. While wages went up our depreciated currency declined in value and prices leaped skyward. Capitalists readily made wage concessions to their employees, the burden of which they passed on to consumers. In the midst of these revolutionary changes the middle classes were defenseless victims; depressed by their present condition, despairing of their future, and filled with a bitterness and resentment that must one day find a voice.

A person might ask why this resentment should be directed against the proletariat rather than against the capitalists, especially the new rich and the profiteers, who had fattened themselves out of the war and the suffering of others. The reason for this does not lie merely in our habitual acquiescence to the privileges of wealth, no matter how acquired; or to our deep-rooted tradition that manual labor is deserving of the least reward. Neither was it due entirely to the direct contact between the middle classes and the proletariat in daily life, on railways and street cars, and in highways and byways. It was

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also largely, and perhaps mainly, to be found in labor's lack of comprehension — its disparagement of the social value of the middle classes and of intellectual toil. This was an attitude of mind which the proletariat inherited from its ancient ignorance and which the illusions nourished by the myth of Russia only strengthened.

It was for the latter reason chiefly that the middle classes, deeply conscious as they were of their present material and moral suffering, conceived a most harrowing vision of the future. Before the war they thought of a social revolution as something accomplished by gradual stages. Each new conquest was to be thoroughly secured before another was undertaken. This seemed like a steady progress toward a higher civilization, where the products and services of the mind would be duly honored. Naturally, revolution thus conceived won the support, or at least the sympathy, of the middle classes. But the new programme of the Bolsheviki made revolution first and foremost a complete and radical destruction of the existing social organism. It rejoiced in demoralization; its motto was: The worse things are the better. It looked with contempt upon constructive labor. It dangled before the eyes of the intellectuals, terrified already by the horrors of Russia, the prospect of a wave of chaos and barbarism sweeping away and submerging all the conquests of the ages. It proposed to scrap the delicate mechanism of civilization for an indefinite time to come; to reduce mankind to a state where its members would merely satisfy their material needs, and that by manual labor alone. In such a state the work of the intellect would be useless luxury. So the middle classes conceived themselves threatened by the same menace which hung over the heads of the capitalist bourgeoisie. Their cause and the cause of the latter became one.

This is the principal reason why the ranks which formerly supplied pioneer followers and sympathizers to the proletarian and Socialist movement, have of late supplied hosts of recruits to the anti-Socialist forces, and in many cases to anti-proletarian reaction. Unquestionably the Fascisti movement would not have gone to the length it has, had it not also attracted simultaneously great numbers of the propertied class. None the less, Fascisism did not become a powerful movement until those members, who had sprung merely to the defense of their private fortunes and economic privileges, were reënforced by others, who were convinced that the country could not be saved from economic ruin so long as the mad idea that 'the worse things are the better' continued to mislead the working classes.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AUTUMNAL

BY H. I. STRAND

[*Bookman*]

THE sun is waning westward,
The year is growing old,
And Weedon Woods are red now
With rich October gold.
Above the withered blackthorn,
A robin stays to sing
Of bygone days of rapture,
And dear remembered Spring.

The song that thrills the woodland
Is bitter-sweet to me,
For we would both recapture
The things that cannot be:
The robin mourns a lost love
And Youth and Spring in vain,
And I — the child I sought for
Who will not come again.

TWENTY KNIGHTS

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

DOWN through the pass with its ramparts red,
Under a flag of golden flame,
With a stalwart captain riding ahead
Twenty glittering horsemen came.
Their breastplates shone with a royal glow,
Their bits were bright as the frosty stars,
The plumes on their helms swung to and fro
In the wind Behind the Bars.

No time had they of their quest to tell,
What kingdom they served or crown,
Ere the crimson cliffs of their Khyber fell
And the twenty knights went down.
I know not what foes they faced, what odds
They took, and for what king's hire,
But their heads were high and they rode like gods
When they came through the gorge of fire.

THE PIXIES' PLOT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Spectator*]

(A pleasant maxim of old time directed the gardener to leave one corner as Nature planned it, for the little people. Thus welcomed, they might be trusted to show their human hosts goodwill, friendship, and service.)

YOU have it, or you have it not:
The cantle of the Pixies' plot,
Where never spade nor hoe shall ply
To break that treasured sanctity.
Touch no bloom there; uproot no weed;
Let what will blow.
Suffer the thistle, briar, and thorn to grow,
The dandelion to seed.

Though full the garden of your mind,
Well planted on a soil that's kind;
Your hedges gay, your borders clean,
Your seasons fair, your clime serene,
Yet trammel not the Pixies' mite,
For welcoming
Chance little, wandering, weary, fairy thing
Lost in the dim owl-light.

Still virgin, free and set apart,
Ordain one dingle of your heart,
Where visions home, and wing to you
The golden dreams that might come true.
Herein a gentler dawn than day
Shall often break
For foot-sore spirits, tired of reason's ache,
And children come to play.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

EXPERT OPINION ON THE BROKEN HILL SKULL

Discussions before the learned societies of London reveal a fair measure of agreement among British zoölogists and anthropologists as to the nature and significance of the human (or pre-human) skull discovered in the 'Bone Cave' of the Broken Hill Mine in Northern Rhodesia. It is generally agreed that the skull is of great antiquity, represents a wholly new human species — perhaps even a new genus — and that it lends weight to the theory of the African origin of mankind. Differences of opinion exist as to the sex of the ancient owner of the skull, the degree of its antiquity relative to the other skulls of primitive man known to exist, its exact relation to the humanity of our own day, and its classification — whether as a new species or as a new genus.

Dr. Arthur Smith Woodward, of the Royal Society, who exhibited the skull at a meeting of the London Zoölogical Society, provisionally assigns it to a new human species, *Homo rhodesiensis*, placing it in the same genus with modern man (*Homo sapiens*). Dr. Woodward and several other anatomists regard the new species as a stage between modern man and the lower and very distinct type of humanity represented by the famous Neanderthal, Spy, and Gibraltar skulls (*Homo neanderthalensis*), a classification that would place the Rhodesian man fairly high in the human scale — next, indeed, to ourselves — and would consequently assign him a comparatively recent date, geologically speaking.

In an article in *Nature*, the leading British scientific journal, Dr. Woodward thus describes the skull and the environment in which it was found: —

Rude stone and bone implements are abundant among the remains and there can be no doubt that the cave was a human habitation for a long period. Very few of the bones can be exactly named, but, so far as they have been identified, they belong to species still living in Rhodesia or to others only slightly different from these. The occupation of the cave, therefore, seems to have been at no distant date; it may not even have been so remote as the Pleistocene period.

Until lately no remains of the cave man himself have been noticed at Broken Hill, but at the end of last summer, Mr. W. E. Barren was so fortunate as to discover and dig out of the earth on a remote part of the cave a nearly complete human skull, a fragment of the upper jaw of another, a sacrum, a tibia, and the two ends of a femur. These specimens have just been brought to England by Mr. Ross Macartney, the managing director of the company, and they are to be added to the many generous gifts of the company to the British Museum.

The skull is in a remarkably fresh state of preservation, the bone having merely lost its animal matter and not having been in the least mineralized. . . . It is strangely similar to the skull of the Neanderthal or Mousterian race found in the caves of Belgium, France, and Gibraltar. Its large and heavy face is even more simian in appearance than that of Neanderthal man, the great inflated brow-ridges being especially prominent and prolonged to a great extent at the lateral angles.

Sir Arthur Keith, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, lays stress on the resemblance between the Gibraltar division of the Neanderthal race (who are held to have been distinct from modern humanity and not its direct ancestors) and the Rhodesian race. He finds that 'in both there is the same massive ridge of bone crossing the forehead and overshadow-

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ing the capacious orbits; in both a widely rooted nose fades into the rounded contour of the face; in both the upper jaw has the same characteristic elongated form, with deeply rooted teeth implanted in a similar manner.' Sir Arthur also points out that there is nothing reminiscent of the ape in mouth, palate, or teeth of the Rhodesian skull, and that the only ape-like character is the highly developed ridges of the brow and the high position of the temporal ridges of the skull, indicative of powerful muscles of mastication. He therefore concludes that the skull belonged to an African member of the Neanderthal race, with closer affinities to the Gibraltar than to the French division of this mysterious people.

Writing in the *Illustrated London News*, Sir Arthur says: —

> The Rhodesian fossil skull does not represent a type of man which is new to anthropologists; every feature of this skull proclaims the ancient African of whom it formed part to have been first cousin to Neanderthal man, that peculiar species of humanity which lived in Europe throughout a certain phase of the ice age. . . .
>
> The earliest and latest discoveries of Neanderthal man carried his distribution right up to the threshold of Africa. The revelation now made in Northern Rhodesia extends the habitat of this ancient and extinct type of humanity far into Africa, for the site of the Broken Hill Mine lies four thousand miles from Southern Europe. We now seem to be tracing Neanderthal man toward his cradle land, for in many of its features the Rhodesian skull is more primitive than European specimens of the same type. The discovery gives us a glimpse of a distant past, when Europe and Africa were inhabitated by a type of man radically different from the African and European races of to-day.
>
> It cannot be said that this discovery of fossil man has taken the anthropological world by surprise. From time to time during the last fifty years numerous travelers and local archæologists have reported the find of Palæolithic stone implements in South Africa, in workmanship not unlike the implements found in the gravel and terrace deposits of Europe. The presence of such flint implements is a sure indication that man is an ancient inhabitant of South Africa. Then, again, an ancient skull, far beyond the modern average in the size of its brain capacity, was unearthed at Boskop, in the Transvaal, just before the war. Although this skull is modern in its chief features, and certainly Negroid in its affinities, yet it differs in important details from all known skulls. Then, again, in South Africa, we find the most aberrant of all living human types — the Hottentot, and the pygmy or dwarf race, related to the Hottentot — the Bushman. No one who had noted all these circumstances can have been surprised by the discovery now made. We may hope that Africa may yield many ancient documents relating to the pre-history of human races. . . .
>
> As to where and when mankind of the modern type was evolved, the present discovery throws no light, but it does open out and illuminate the ancient world of that very remarkable species of humanity — Neanderthal man.

Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, an eminent British zoölogist noted for his efforts to increase popular interest in the application of science to daily life, after an examination of photographs and a study of the pronouncements of Dr. Woodward and Sir Arthur Keith, declares that

> there seems no doubt that the Rhodesian skull is that of a man, and that it has a cranial capacity far above the lower human limit. Seen from the side, the skull suggests that of a large ape, for there are beetling eye-brow ridges, which give a somewhat misleading accentuation of the low and retreating forehead. Seen from the front, the striking features are the large square eye-socket and the broad flat strongly built face. The palate is broad and beautifully domed, 'adapted to perfect speech.' The teeth are definitely human, but large and much worn, as if the owner had much hard food to eat.

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Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the University of London, lecturing before the Royal Anthropological Institute, asserts the skull is that of a woman, basing his opinion on a sacrum, which was found near the skull itself and which he regards as belonging to the same skeleton. In this he diametrically opposes the view of Sir Arthur Keith, who feels that 'there can be no hesitation in regarding the Rhodesian skull as that of a man,' an opinion in which Dr. Thomson concurs.

Professor Smith, who is responsible for the suggestion that the Broken Hill skull may represent a new genus rather than merely a new species — most scientific men at present appear to incline to the latter view — points out that it combines ape-like features with others hitherto regarded as distinctive of modern man, and that the evidence in hand indicates that the primitive owner of the skull walked upright, or at least in a far more erect posture than Neanderthal man.

A note of caution to those inclined to assign fabulous antiquity to the 'new' skull, is sounded by Sir E. Ray Lankester, one of the most distinguished zoölogists of the present day, who writes to the London *Times:* —

> Though knowledge as to the age of the skulls and other remains of ancient man — which you briefly enumerate in the *Times* to-day — is greatly to be desired and will eventually be obtained, yet it must be carefully borne in mind that we have not at present facts which justify more than preliminary guesses as to the relation in time of the Java skull, the Piltdown skull, the Broken Hill skull, and the Heidelberg jaw, to one another, and to the little group of European skulls and skeletons which we recognize as representing a distinct race — the Neanderthal race — existing in deposits which come in age between those which we call 'early' and those which we call 'late' Pleistocene.
>
> It is a matter of extreme difficulty to separate the contents of a European Pleistocene 'gravel,' consisting of derivatives 'washed up' from both earlier and later sources, and to assign each specimen to its true age. Moreover, there is no general agreement as to what, in Europe, is to be called Lower Pleistocene and what is to be called Upper Pliocene. When we come to the study of distant lands, such as Java and South Africa, these names (Pleistocene and Pliocene) cannot usefully be applied at all, until we have a far more complete knowledge of the late geological history of these regions and are able to connect it by clear evidence with the better known but still far from complete history of the latest geological periods in Europe.
>
> As a matter of fact, we may feel confident, from direct evidence of superposition of strata, that the Heidelberg jaw is older than the Neanderthal skulls from the Rhineland, Belgium, the Dordorgne, and Gibraltar. But we have no clear evidence as to whether the Piltdown and Java bones are — either of them — earlier or later by some thousands of years, than the above. Nor at present has it been shown whether the Broken Hill skull and femur are of the same age as, or earlier than, the great mass, 'hundreds of tons weight,' of bones beneath which it seems to be held that they were found.

If Dr. Woodward is justified in his conclusions, the new skull may properly be regarded as fairly recent — recent, that is, in the geological sense. The general opinion among anthropologists is that the fragments of a skull and skeleton found in Java in 1895, to which the name *Pithecanthropus erectus* was given, represent the most ancient form of life approximating humanity. This half-human creature dates from the late Pliocene or very early Pleistocene — perhaps half a million years before the Christian era, although such estimates are always uncertain and Sir E. Ray Lankester's caution as to the relations of strata in different parts of the world must be borne in mind. Then comes a gap of perhaps 400,000 years, broken only by the Heidelberg jaw, of uncertain affinities and only indefinitely

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placed in the geological scale. Then comes the Piltdown 'man' (*Eoanthropus dawsoni*), represented only by a skull and a lower jaw — which may not belong to the skull — found near Piltdown, England. Midway between the Piltdown skull and modern times comes the Neanderthal race (*Homo neanderthalensis*), represented by skulls from Neanderthal in Rhenish Prussia, from Spy in Belgium, from France, and from Gibraltar, where the race seems to have possessed minor characteristics peculiar to that region. It is to this latter subdivision of the Neanderthal race that Dr. Woodward especially seeks to relate the Rhodesian skull.

♣

GERHART HAUPTMANN IN VIENNA

GERHART HAUPTMANN, now sixty years of age, has been received with high honors in Vienna where the University decorated him with its cross — a distinction never before conferred upon a German. His address on 'Germany's Rebirth,' delivered before a crowded audience, exhibited no particular signs of a chastened spirit. Herr Hauptmann said that the present sufferings of his country had nothing whatever to do with the repentance and contrition urged upon her by 'the grotesque of Versailles,' which concerned the real Germany as little as 'high mass celebrated by a tiger.' Germany had been only outwardly humiliated; its intellectual life was strong and vigorous as ever.

In the Grosser Konzerthaussaal, Hauptmann gave a recital of his own works, reading a scene from his drama, *Winter Ballad*, and part of his new epic poem, *Till Eulenspiegel*, as yet unpublished, which deals in satirical mood with the aftermath of the war. He also read some new sonnets which made a profound impression.

Hauptmann's fantastic four-act play, *And Pippa Dances*, written some fifteen years ago and twice before produced in Vienna, was performed at the Burgtheater under the direction of Albert Heine. A correspondent gives the following account of the production: —

> After the fine poetic first and second acts a nebulous third and a hardly comprehensible fourth rather mar the work. But, notwithstanding its faults, this strange play, not quite grasped even by his most ardent admirers, represents Hauptmann in his most genuine vein and contains many of his most uplifting and poetic thoughts and some very original and inspiring figures. The Burgtheater had one of its really great premières. The stage management by Albert Heine, accentuating the mystic note, was remarkable, the 'winter' scenery very beautiful and unusual. The stage represents a glass furnace, out of which the 'tale,' *i.e.*, the action of the 'Märchendrama,' is born. The chief rôles are extremely difficult.

♣

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND

A COLLECTION of photographs of American architecture has been opened at the Royal Institue of British Architects. The *Morning Post* comments on the Pennsylvania Station in New York, the J. Pierpont Morgan Library, and other buildings, and then adds: —

> But those styles are familiar to European eyes. Not so the 'skyscraper' phase, which may be called the Doric order of present-day American architecture. Previous to the 'skyscraper,' modern America had architects, but no architectural style of its own. Now that it has evolved a peculiar form of building based on cubistic principles, it will be interesting to watch its development. Whatever may be the change effected, architectonic distinction and ornamental simplicity will always have to be kept in mind. This is best illustrated by the imposing 'Municipal Office Building, N.Y.' (43), in comparison with the commoner-looking 'University Club,' (39) and the heavily corniced 'United States Post Office, N.Y.' (37).

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MODERNISM IN JAPANESE ART

THE prevalence of modern Western influence on Japanese painting and sculpture is bewailed by a critic in the *Herald of Asia*, who visited the recent exhibition at Uyeno. Not that the ancient skill of the land of perfect craftsmen has vanished,— no, there is a Japanese section 'in which is found, as usual, exquisite work, excellent in proportion, delicate and yet daring in its bringing together of multichromatic flash of color harmonized with the extreme skill which forms one of the most admirable features of Japanese artistry.'

But as the years go by, this section of the exhibition is steadily being thrust into increasingly cramped quarters, whilst more and still more space is accorded to exceedingly bad imitations of the art of the Occident, the result being best characterized as 'up-to-date art.'

The Japanese artists who have sought to imitate the West, too often fail in originality, and their pictures and statues are at best likely to show a slavish copying of Western methods and ideals. There is little of genuine beauty in the Europeanized art of Japan. In the Uyeno exhibition, only a little way removed from exquisite examples of the older art, one wanders amid grotesque nudes, writhing in clumsy attitudes, with no claim to beauty discernible to the Western eye.

These artistic prodigies are the work of the younger artists, who believe that they have 'advanced' when they leave behind the art of Old Japan, and whose wide-brimmed hats and ample velvet garments of the Latin Quarter advertise their ardent modernity.

There is, to be sure, another side to the question. A Japanese prima donna has been well received in American performances of *Madame Butterfly* — an extraordinary achievement for the singer when one realizes the gulf that yawns between the music of East and West; and symphony orchestras have been organized in Japan with fair success. Japanese influences appear in European painting and sculpture during the nineteenth century, and in an exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, London, last spring, were sufficiently pronounced to call forth comment from several critics.

The effect upon the Western arts of contact with the East has perhaps been most pronounced of all in the poetry of the last few years. One can think easily enough of half a dozen English and American poets who are avowed students either of Japanese or Chinese poetry, and experiments in the characteristic Japanese stanza form, the *hokku*, or even in the longer and in some respects less difficult *tanka* form have frequently been made in the poetry of the Occident.

It is clear enough that mutual changes will be wrought in all the arts, both of the East and of the West, but a world that loves the Fine Arts would scarcely be the gainer were the characteristic art of Old Japan to lose its followers.

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